HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XXII.—No. 1107.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1878. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1878, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

ALWAYS KILLING THE GOOSE THAT LAYS THE GOLDEN EGG.

Communistic Statesman (*without responsibility*). "Nothing in it, after all; it's too bad; now I thought he was just full of them."

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, AND BAZAR POSTAGE FREE.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, or HARPER'S BAZAR will be sent for one year to any Subscriber in the United States, POSTAGE PREPAID by the Publishers, on receipt of Four Dollars.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1878.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains two engravings from* STANLEY'S *African sketches, and an attractive story.*

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

MR. SUMNER AND GENERAL GRANT.

THE report of a conversation with General GRANT, dated at Cairo, in Egypt, on the 17th of January, was conspicuously published in a late issue of the New York *Herald*. As it contains a sharp comment on an article in *Harper's Weekly* of December 8, 1877, and calls in question the honesty and justice of the writer of that article and of this, we must reluctantly and briefly recur to the subject.

On the 25th of September, 1877, the New York *Herald* published a report of a conversation with General GRANT, in which he was alleged to have accused Mr. SUMNER of delaying and obstructing the public business in the committee of the Senate of which he was chairman, of failing promptly to report treaties to the Senate, and of telling falsehoods about his conduct as chairman, "knowing them to be falsehoods." This positive and public charge of official negligence and willful falsehood against Mr. SUMNER continued to receive the sanction of General GRANT'S name after it was brought to his knowledge. On the 20th of November, 1877, the Senate permitted the official records of Mr. SUMNER'S conduct as chairman to be published, when it appeared that he had promptly reported to the Senate the treaties that he was accused of smothering in the committee, and that all he had said upon the subject was strictly true. Mr. SUMNER'S official diligence and personal veracity were thus completely vindicated.

These are indisputable facts, and we are perfectly willing to leave to the decision of our readers the question whether any comment upon them in these columns has been either dishonest or unjust.

NATIONAL DISGRACE.

THE passage of the Silver Bill was fully anticipated, and therefore produced no other feeling in this community than a bitter sense of shame at the disgrace of the American name. The veto message of the President is a strong and admirable expression of the best sentiment of the country:

> "I can not approve a bill which, in my judgment, authorizes the violation of sacred obligations. The obligation of public faith transcends all questions of profit or public advantage. Its unquestionable maintenance is the dictate as well of the highest expediency as of the most necessary duty, and should ever be carefully guarded by the Executive, by Congress, and by the people."

Those are the principles that become an American Chief Magistrate, and they will remain true long after the madness of this hour has passed. It is that madness which caused the immediate passage of the bill, and it is noticeable that the Republicans who are most hostile to the President for his amicable feeling for "the South" hastened, under the lead of the ex-Vice-President of the ex-Confederacy, to dishonor the faith of the country pledged to pay the cost of the Union. It is not for such gentlemen to taunt the President, and those who approve his views, that he is too eager to strike hands with the late enemies of the Union. Whatever his mistakes may be, he has certainly done nothing to disgrace his country.

Even some firm friends of the national honor think that he could have done something to change the result. But, under the circumstances, the only chance of staying the frenzy was by some kind of bargain. This, however, was not at all likely to succeed, and the failure would have left the President in a pitiable and contemptible position. Fortunately he has maintained throughout his self-respect and the respect of those who truly measured the situation. The silver frenzy is due to three causes: first, an honest belief in bimetallism; second, a determination to secure a repeal of the resumption law and inflation, which is practically repudiation; and third, the timidity of politicians who do not dare to try to withstand what they think to be a resistless current. What is called its strength among the people is not a deliberate judgment upon a politico-economical question, it is simply the desire of the unemployed for a change. No President could have prevented the result in a Congress like this, except by means that would have forfeited the confidence of the country.

In the Senate, Mr. HILL, of Georgia, failed to justify the good opinion that he had awakened. He voted against the veto. Mr. LAMAR stood firm, and his position is nobler and more heroic than that of any Senator. Mr. DAVID DAVIS, of Illinois, whose pretensions upon coming to the Senate have had a ludicrous ending, voted for the bill. Those who had prophesied or who expected a speech from Mr. CONKLING in support of the veto showed only that they did not know him. The old parties disappeared in the final vote. Of the 73 votes for good faith in the House 20 were Democratic, while of the 19 in the Senate 9 were Democratic. Of the 10 Republican votes in the Senate all but 3 were from New England. The step now taken is but the first in a descending series, and the impetus thus given to dangerous measures should incite all friends of the national faith to unite cordially and effectively in its support against further assaults.

THE BOSTON COLLECTORSHIP.

IN declining to renominate Mr. SIMMONS to the office of Collector of the port of Boston, to which he was appointed four years ago, the President has shown his sincere regard for the principles which he has professed. His purpose, so far as such offices are concerned, is to put the customs service on a business basis. To do this, its administration must be taken from the hands of those who think that the Custom-house should be a centre of political activity, and its places filled for party purposes. The business theory and the party theory can not be combined, for this one reason, among a thousand, that the subordinates under the latter system know that their tenure is not solely good conduct. To restore to them independence and self-respect by persuading them that such conduct alone is the tenure, it is indispensable that the head of the Custom-house, by whom they are really appointed, shall not be a noted party manager who owes his place entirely to party intrigue. Thus, in the New York Custom-house, so long as the present Collector and Naval Officer remain, however honest as men and reputable as officers they may be, nobody in the Custom-house or out of it will believe that there is any real change in the old system.

The situation is substantially the same in Boston. By common consent Mr. SIMMONS was absolutely identified with the system of official management of State politics which is one of the chief abuses at which the reform aims. He was the personification of this abuse in Massachusetts. He was the efficient agent of what is known as Butlerism in politics. That term has come to mean political purposes and methods which are demoralizing and dangerous, and the late speech of General BUTLER in Congress has certainly not tended to remove that impression. The appointment of Mr. SIMMONS gave to this tendency the prestige of recognition from the late Administration and the power of patronage. That is to say, it gave the appointing power of some hundreds of places to an accomplished political manager, who was the accredited representative of the Administration. It was a signal illustration of the evil which a real reform hopes to correct. The new Collector did his official duty vigorously, and was a man of good personal character. He did not fail, also, as a politician with power. When the new Administration came in, the declarations of the President upon the subject of the civil service were peculiarly agreeable to the opponents of the system of which Mr. SIMMONS was the representative. He hastened to say, however, that he would carry out any instructions looking to the reform proposed by the President and those who agreed with him, and the Collector was left in his office. He has, we believe, taken no open part in politics within the year, except at the instance of the Attorney-General. His term is about expiring. The political interest that procured his appointment has sought to secure his re-appointment. A large number of merchants have also asked it, and some of the politicians who opposed his appointment have yet requested his re-nomination, on the ground that he has been a good Collector.

Under these circumstances the sole question for the President was whether he and the friends of reform had a fair right to expect that the re-appointment of Mr. SIMMONS would practically take the Custom-house out of politics. The Collector did not, so far as we are aware, pretend to be a reformer. It is absurd to suppose that a change of administration had changed his views. He unquestionably thought that the Custom-house ought to be a political machine. But his superior officer had "a crotchet" upon the subject, and therefore it was wise for subordinates "to lie low." Yet if his convictions were really unchanged, so was his power. It is he and not the President who controls all the minor places in the Custom-house. Under existing laws the only possible way to make sure of enforcing the reform which the President wishes to enforce is not to intrust the minor appointing power to those who are especially representatives of "the thing to be reformed." General BUTLER is reported to have said that Mr. SIMMONS is an admirable officer, a church member, and willing to do what is required. Yet if the question were of General BUTLER'S appointment to the Collectorship, and the same things were truthfully said of him, would a President honestly bent upon reform appoint General BUTLER? The assertion that the result is merely a personal victory of Senator HOAR is absurd. The considerations that have determined it are entirely independent of him, while the sneer that the opposition to the re-appointment is a hostility of "blue blood" to the "poor boy" is a ludicrous and familiar piece of demagogy, the use of which merely shows that argument is exhausted.

A SERIOUS QUESTION.

THE late melancholy accidents in the bay and river at New York have naturally excited a great deal of attention. A large part of the active business population of the city must live in the suburbs, and many of the most desirable suburbs are accessible only across the East and North rivers or the bay. The waters around the city swarm with ferry-boats whose tracks cross those of the sea-going steamers. The dangers arising from fog, which is frequent at certain seasons of the year, are so obvious, and involve so many people, that it is singular no method of preventing or lessening them has been devised except "slowing" and "whistling." The most experienced pilots agree that nothing is so bewildering to all calculation as a fog, in which it is even difficult to estimate the distance of sound so as to be guided by bells or whistles. During a fog, also, the incessant shrieking of every steamer in motion around the city almost defeats its own purpose by the confusion it produces, and the recent sorrowful accidents have shown the ghastly possibilities of navigation in blinding mist. Had the ocean steamer *Spain* struck the Staten Island ferry-boat *Castleton* a little further forward, not only would the loss of life have been immense, but whole neighborhoods would have been desolated. Apparently nothing but the self-possession of Captain ISAAC BUNN, in whose sagacity, skill, and coolness the passengers upon that line have always placed a trust which has now been signally justified, prevented an immeasurable disaster. Indeed, there can be no excuse for permitting ocean steamers to attempt to go to sea in a dense fog through waters filled with light passenger boats. It is a subject with which the law should deal peremptorily, since it is found that private interests do not regulate it.

The Brooklyn Bridge will secure Brooklyn hereafter from the delays and exposures due to fog. But there will be no tunnel and no bridge for many a year to connect New York and New Jersey. The fatal collision of the *James Fisk, Jr.*, ferry-boat with a schooner at anchor, and the easily conceivable consequences of such collisions, will naturally force the New Yorker who lives in New Jersey, and who must come to New York for his business, to come with serious misgivings on foggy mornings. Indeed, the passage of crowded ferry-boats in the waters around New York is now so incessant that some action besides "running for luck" should be taken to prevent the perils of perfectly blind navigation. The *Tribune* suggests that the electric light would enable a pilot to see objects far enough off even in the daytime to avoid collision. This is a statement that can be very easily verified, and if it be established, the carrying of an electric light by ferry-boats in the rivers and bay should be made by law as imperative as that of life-boats or life-preservers.

This is a question which becomes more pressing and more important every year as the city grows, and access to the business quarter is found to be as convenient and often more agreeable by boat than by the horse-railroads. It is a subject to be especially considered by those who do not wish to feel that they are taking an enormous risk in merely going to their daily work. The sudden, capricious, remorseless fog is their chief enemy, and he will be a public benefactor who first employs a method to baffle its snares. The owners of the Staten Island and New Jersey ferry-boats could do the public and their own interests no greater service than by ascertaining whether the electric light would be serviceable in the way proposed, and, should it be found effective, than by furnishing their boats with it, and securing the welfare of hundreds of homes from such an awful blow as hung over them for a moment on the foggy morning of the collision.

THE "WOMAN QUESTION."

Two interesting incidents in the progress of what is called "the woman question" are lately recorded. The Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives—ten members of the eleven being present—was tied upon a proposition to report a sixteenth amendment to the Constitution, authorizing "woman suffrage." It is stated that the absent member will oppose the proposition, which will prevent a report. But the fact that five of the ten members voted for the report is the significant point. The other fact to which we referred is the decision of the Convocation, or governing body, of the London University to admit women to examination and degrees upon precisely the same conditions with men. The London University, however, differs from Oxford and Cambridge in not providing for residence or for recitations. The student may live where he will and study as he chooses, but henceforth degrees will be conferred indifferently upon all men and women who conform to the requirements, which are made equal for all.

Harvard University has authorized and conducted examinations of women in New York and elsewhere in certain prescribed studies, but we do not understand that the utmost proficiency carries with it the same degree that the resident under-graduate receives upon the successful completion of the course. The action of the London University is the more important because the holder of a University degree is entitled, upon conformity with certain other requirements, not dependent upon sex, to receive authority to practice medicine. In Massachusetts, also, we observe that a petition of women who are property-owners and taxed, asking for representation, has been presented to the Legislature. It is certainly curious to observe the just feeling about the sanctity of the Old South and the glory of Faneuil Hall in a community which does not practically admit that representation and taxation should go together, and it will be interesting to see what arguments the neighborhood of those famous monuments furnishes against the fundamental doctrine of the Revolution.

These are all signs of a most interesting social change. The process that Mr. MILL described as the emancipation of women is steadily going on. It is attended in this country with a great deal of folly and extravagance, and, like all steps of progress, is embarrassed by some of its own advocates, who find in the agitation a gratification of their vanity. But it is a change that need not alarm the most sensitive and peaceful and conservative soul. For its conditions are such that it can not be forced beyond the general sympathy and approval. Of all changes none is so immediately dependent upon reason, and every step in the greater freedom of women from disabling laws and customs has been so well considered that there has been no reaction or repeal. The movement will not stop, but its completion will no more touch the essential womanliness of women than it will affect the manliness of men. The proper "sphere" of each sex needs the protection neither of our fear nor of our ignorance.

BLIND GUIDES.

THE advocates of the Silver Bill who sincerely suppose that it will tend to renew industry and restore confidence must be appalled by their more impetuous fellow-workers who have just met in convention in Toledo and formed a national party. The platform might have been written by Senator VOORHEES, the great silver champion in the Senate. Its fundamental principle is one that was pretty plainly set forth in his speech, namely, that capital is the curse of society. Indeed, the platform has the unique excellence among platforms of saying precisely what its framers mean. It declares that "fraud, embezzlement, bankruptcy, crime, suffering, pauperism, and starvation" are due to "legislation in the interest of and dictated by money-lenders, bankers, and bondholders." In the same key the limitation of the legal-tender quality of greenbacks, the exception of bonds from taxation, contraction, and resumption are "crimes against the people." This is the spirit of the whole manifesto, and the details of recommendation are not worth attention, as they all assume that government can make every body rich, wise, and happy.

The whole proceeding is the natural and

logical result of the talk of such politicians as Mr. VOORHEES. They represent the rich and the poor as deadly enemies, and they leave upon the minds of their ignorant and often unemployed hearers the impression that wealth is somehow a crime, and that a man so lost to all sense of humanity as to hold the bonds of the United States deserves only a short shrift. Their politics are merely the exasperation of class jealousy, and the practical conclusion of their teaching is communism. There is nothing more essentially hostile to the country and to every interest in it than this talk, and there was never a time when it could be more mischievous than now. Intelligent men, whether rich or poor, whether they hold bonds or find it hard to get wages, know well that the industry which alone produces wealth depends upon confidence, and that the enterprise which employs hosts of hands, sets wheels turning, and secures steady and well-paid employment requires the same confidence. They can see that the constant denunciation of capital, which moves great enterprises, as a crime, is itself criminal, because it fosters a jealousy and fear that paralyze effort.

We are far from denying that capital, especially when wielded by great corporations, may be reckless and oppressive. But the remedy does not lie in cultivating sullen hostility to it or in promoting an uncertainty from which it can reap all the advantage. The events of last summer have shown every shrewd poor man that his interest is not served by internecine strife, and that in the contest which the blind guides constantly provoke, it is always the poor man who goes to the wall. In such a movement as the Toledo Convention there is doubtless represented a great deal of honest desire to restore general prosperity, but a desire without knowledge of means or of the lessons of experience, while with this is associated an immense amount of knavery, idleness, and imposture. The men among its managers who were known are universally distrusted as mere demagogues. These are facts to be carefully pondered by honest and intelligent men. The popular strength of the Silver Bill, whatever it may be, is mainly due, as we said last week, to a vague feeling that it would put money in every man's pocket. There is the same superstition about "government money." But there are no short-cuts to prosperity, and governments can not make men rich.

THE NEW YORK INSURANCE DEPARTMENT SCANDAL.

THE duty of the Senate of New York in the case of Mr. SMYTH, the Superintendent of the Insurance Department, is obvious. The law of 1873 requires that all charges against any insurance company by any attorney or appraiser of the Insurance Department

"shall be presented in the form of an itemized bill, which shall first be approved by the said Superintendent, and then audited by the Comptroller, and shall be paid on his warrant, drawn in the usual manner upon the State Treasurer, to the person or persons making such examination. And the company examined, on receiving a certified copy of said bill of charges as audited and paid by the Comptroller, shall repay the amount of the same to the said Superintendent, to be by him put into the State Treasury."

The purpose of the law is to prevent collusion and injustice by submitting the whole transaction to the Comptroller. At the last session Mr. SMYTH desired the repeal of these provisions. The repeal was passed by the Legislature, but it was vetoed by the Governor. Mr. SMYTH, however, proceeded to act as if the law had been repealed, and to violate its plain provisions. The duty of the Senate to approve the recommendation of the Governor and to remove the Superintendent can hardly be evaded.

The action of the insurance companies, also, will be a part of the inquiry. The law is plain that the companies are to pay only upon a certified copy of bills audited by the Comptroller. Why have enormous uncertified bills been paid by some companies? The Senate will do a public service in exploring and exposing every illicit transaction. This is the more important because partisan considerations are necessarily involved. The Governor and the Comptroller, who bring the charges and ask the removal, are Democrats. The Senate, which has the power of removal, is Republican, while the accused Superintendent is the chairman of the Republican State Committee. A little familiarity with politics and politicians shows certain significant facts in the details of payment as contained in the Comptroller's report to the Governor. The chairman of the State Committee is a warm adherent of that wing of the Republican party in New York which controls its organization, and the great sums paid by the insurance companies to agents of the Insurance Department are recorded as paid to well-known politicians of the same wing. It is not improbable that if that wing should have any especial interest in the result of the next State election, the agents who had thus been so liberally paid would contribute to "the legitimate expenses of the election" with equal liberality, while the favors of the Insurance Department might in that view seem to have been bestowed where they would do the most good.

The Republican Senate is undoubtedly aware that this case, upon its appearance now and before the investigation takes place, is an illustration of courses that have deeply discredited the Republican party, and alienated so many of its supporters that its old ascendency is shaken. The political situation is such that party policy fortunately coincides with the dictates of duty, and the more thorough and impartial the inquiry into this matter shall be, the better not only for the public welfare, which is the first and great consideration, but also for party advantage. It seems, indeed, upon the Comptroller's statement of facts, to be a case in which there can be but one verdict from just men; and it is certainly one which throws an instructive light upon "practical" politics. It is not "visionary" reforms, it is such things as this, that destroy party majorities.

A STALE TRICK.

ONE of the plausible sophistries of the silver dollar advocates was urged with great unction by General BUTLER in his recent speech. It is the assertion that if it be dishonest to make a silver dollar of ninety-two cents to pay debts of a dollar, it is equally dishonest to tolerate a subsidiary coinage which is of a still lower value. This is a trick which we have exposed more than once, but which is obviously a favorite with the clipped dollar advocates, because they find that it impresses what they call "the poor man," of whom they call themselves the especial champions. Nothing is more touching than the sympathy of Mr. VOORHEES, for instance, for "the poor man." If a kind Providence would only permit him to make brown paper a legal tender for the wages of labor, "the poor man" would doubtless cover him with blessings. "The gold-bug," cries this kind of friend of "the poor man," "is perfectly willing to make silver a legal tender up to fifty dollars, which would include the payment of wages, but he will not let it go farther. In other words, he is willing to pay wages in a dollar of less than ninety cents, while he demands a dollar of a hundred cents for the bloated bondholder."

It is impossible that many of those who reiterate this statement do not know its untruth. Yet it unquestionably deceives a great many honest poor men. A moment's reflection, however, might show them "the catch" in it. It is true that the subsidiary silver coins and the trade dollar are actually below the standard value. But it is equally true that, notwithstanding this fact, they pass at par. What is the explanation? Simply that the amount and the legal tender quality are limited. If "a poor man" is paid five or ten dollars of wages in silver, the silver, although a baser coin, will buy five or ten dollars' worth of bread or meat. If the silver is any where rejected or received with hesitation, it is solely because of the fear produced by the attempt to make silver an unlimited tender; and if the Silver Bill had proposed silver only as a substitute for the small legal tender currency, there would have been no opposition and no apprehension. So long as the amount is thus limited, as every "poor man" has ascertained by experience, the silver coins are practically "as good as gold." Therefore it is absolutely false to say that those who would retain the limited amount are willing to pay wages in a dollar of ninety cents. For the silver dollar will buy a hundred cents' worth until it is an unlimited tender, when it will buy only ninety cents' worth, although the "poor man" must receive it for a hundred cents.

We have already shown that the creditor class is made up of those who live by wages, and that the "bloated bondholders" are those who invest in savings-banks. This should be remembered, because the mischief of the silver movement is largely due to the want of careful thought among those who live by the wages of their industry, and who are apt to suppose that a demagogue is a friend of the poor man because he calls himself so. Many of those who take this name formerly called themselves friends of labor and of "the hard-fisted million," while they were busily engaged in supporting slavery, which disgraced labor and degraded the laboring-man, and, in the Territories of the United States, compelled the intelligent workman to compete with an aristocracy which owned its laborers like cattle. Such demagogues are just as much friends of "the poor laboring-man" now as they were then.

PERSONAL.

MR. WEBSTER, in one of his conversations with his biographer, made this extraordinary statement. "I am not unaware," said he, "and it would be affectation in me to deny it, that I have a public reputation to leave to posterity; but it has been earned with difficulty. If I were to live my life over again, with my present experiences, I would, *under no circumstances and from no considerations, allow myself to enter public life.* The public are ungrateful. The man who serves the public most faithfully receives no adequate reward. In my own history those acts which have been, before God, the most disinterested and the least stained by selfish considerations have been precisely those for which I have been most freely abused. No, no! have nothing to do with politics. Sell your iron, eat the bread of independence, support your family with the rewards of honest toil, do your duty as a private citizen to your country, but let politics alone. It is a hard life, a thankless life."

—Some years ago a beautiful poem, called "The Children," appeared in the columns of a New York weekly paper. It was written by Mr. CHARLES M. DICKINSON, who did not, however, use the initial of his middle name in his signature as author. The poem became immensely popular, and was widely copied, sometimes with credit, sometimes without. At length, as the author had dropped out the "M.," some compositor carelessly dropped off the "ON" from the end of his name, and the poem started afresh on its travels through the newspapers under the magic name of CHARLES DICKENS. A well-known English elocutionist gave further currency to the error by reciting it as one of the most beautiful productions of his illustrious countryman. The error was pointed out, over and over again, to be as often repeated. Even the careful editor of *Our Children's Songs*, published by the HARPERS, assigned the authorship to DICKENS. The proper correction was made in that volume as soon as the error was detected; and in justice to Mr. DICKINSON, who has been unwittingly defrauded of the honor to which he is entitled, we make this statement of the facts in the case. It is a high compliment that his beautiful and touching poem should have been attributed to DICKENS, but it is hard that he should lose the credit of having written it.

—Bishop COPLESTON, who three years ago was consecrated as Bishop of Colombo, possesses a remarkable capacity for speedily acquiring a knowledge of any language he desires to master. In twelve months after his arrival in Ceylon he preached in Cingalese with facility and correctness. He is now preaching in Portuguese.

—A series of very valuable papers from the pen of Mr. ALFRED WALKER, of New Haven, will begin in *Harper's Bazar* for March 30. They are entitled, "Hints to Women on the Care of Property," and will treat of business matters from the simplest rudiments to the more complicated affairs, omitting nothing that can be of any use or information concerning all details of which women who have the care of business or property may be required to have accurate knowledge. Every woman who carefully studies these papers may acquire this knowledge, and place herself beyond the need of dependence upon others in the management of business affairs.

—If we are late in joining the universal congratulation upon the appointment of Mr. BAYARD TAYLOR as minister to Germany, it is not because of any reluctance to do so. The cordial welcome which he has received in advance from the German press shows that the fitness of the selection is recognized in the country to which he goes. And the German feeling is justified by the especial interest which Mr. TAYLOR has always taken in Germany, and by his familiarity with its life, language, and literature. But there is no more thorough American, and his character and reputation assure us of a most honorable representation.

—A second edition of General CESNOLA'S interesting work on his researches and discoveries in Cyprus has just been issued by the HARPERS. The popular demand for this attractive volume is complimentary to the general, and shows the wide-spread interest his discoveries have excited in the minds of American readers.

—The bust of CHARLES SUMNER presented by the State of Massachusetts to GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, in remembrance of his eulogy upon the Senator before the authorities of the Commonwealth, is now at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in Fourteenth Street. It is the work of MARTIN MILLMORE, and as the most satisfactory and characteristic likeness of Mr. SUMNER it will be seen with pleasure by hosts of his friends and admirers.

—Mr. HORACE HOWARD FURNESS, of Philadelphia, owns a pair of ancient leather gauntlets heavily worked in gold, which were given to GARRICK in 1769 by a lineal descendant of ANN SHAKSPEARE'S family. The donor told GARRICK that, according to the unbroken tradition of the family, they had frequently been worn by SHAKSPEARE. GARRICK'S widow bequeathed them to Mrs. SIDDONS; she left them to her daughter Mrs. COMBE, who left them to Mrs. FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE, who gave them to their present owner.

—Speaking of Popes, upon the death of CLEMENT XII., in the last century, it was five months before the Conclave elected Cardinal LAMBERTINI as his successor, who took the name of BENEDICT XIV. He is reported to have made a little speech to the cardinals in Conclave when they were undetermined about an election, as follows: "Most eminent lords, here are three Bolognese of different characters, but all equally proper for the Popedom. If it be your pleasure to pitch upon a saint, there is Cardinal GOTTI; if upon a politician, there is ALDROVANDI; if upon a booby, here am I." The "booby" was chosen, and proved to be among the greatest Popes of the last century, a very learned and exceedingly able as well as a profoundly religious man.

—Canon FARRAR, who has been studying the Jewish Talmud, says: "There is more beauty and poetry in a single book of HOMER than in the entire Mishna. There is more wisdom and depth in a single chapter of St. JOHN or St. PAUL than in all the folio volumes of the Talmud put together."

—Ex-Governor CURTIN, who was a great personal favorite with the Czar during his mission to Russia, has recently hung in his parlor at Bellefonte the large portrait of the Czar presented to him by his Majesty. With the picture Prince GORTCHAKOFF sent his own portrait to Governor CURTIN. It may not be generally known outside of Pennsylvania and Washington, but it is nevertheless true, that Governor CURTIN is one of the most delightful story-tellers in America.

—This characteristic story of Marshal CANROBERT is told in Paris: When he returned from his mission to represent France at the King of Italy's funeral, he tendered to the Minister of Foreign Affairs a balance of some 17,000 francs, remaining unspent out of the 30,000 francs allowed for the expenses of the mission. M. WADDINGTON assured him it could not be taken back, as there was no precedent for such a return of money. The marshal said he was sorry to hear it, but that if it must be stolen from the state, he would rather some one else were the thief; and he insisted on leaving the money and getting his receipt.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS: The House Committee on Indian Affairs, on the 25th ult., reported in favor of the transfer of the Indian Bureau from the Interior to the War Department. Five supplementary silver bills were introduced in the House, to authorize the free coinage of silver dollars and the issuing of certificates to the depositors of silver bullion at the United States mints. Representative Southard, of Ohio, chairman of the committee on the revision of the laws regulating the counting of the electoral votes for President and Vice-President, by request, proposed an amendment to the Constitution, providing that the Executive power shall be vested in three Presidents, who shall constitute a supreme Executive Council. These Presidents are to be elected by the qualified voters of all the States, one President to be taken from each of the three prominent sections of the country known as the East and Middle States, the West, and the South. No two of the Presidents are to be from the same section or district of country. The term of office of the Presidents is to be six years, and no one having served the full term is to be eligible for a re-election. By the first election held under this article of the Constitution, should it be adopted, the President of the Western District is to be chosen for a fractional term of two years, the one from the Southern District for a fractional term of four years, and the one from the Eastern and Middle District for the full term of six years. After the first election, one President is to be chosen every two years. It is also proposed to abolish the office of Vice-President, and to provide instead that once in four years the Senate shall elect a President who is not a member of that body, and who, as presiding officer, shall exercise all the authority now exercised by the Vice-President. The compensation of each President is fixed at not exceeding $30,000 a year. A bill was introduced in the House providing for a force of uniformed Indian police in every Indian reservation where their presence may be necessary to preserve order.—On the 26th ult. Alanson W. Beard was nominated to be Collector of the port of Boston. Vice-President Wheeler retiring for a few days' rest, Senator Ferry was elected President *pro tem.* of the Senate. A bill to regulate inter-State commerce, and to prohibit unjust discriminations by common carriers, was reported by the House Committee on Commerce. The House, without debate, passed a bill authorizing the President to review the proceedings of the Court-Martial which tried Surgeon-General Hammond, and if he shall deem it right and proper, to annul and set aside its findings and sentence, and place the doctor on the retired list.—On the 28th ult. the President vetoed the Silver Bill, on the ground that it authorized the violation of sacred obligations. Both Houses immediately passed the bill over the veto—the Senate by a vote of 46 to 19, and the House by a vote of 196 to 73. A bill was reported in the House, authorizing the equipment of a polar expedition on the plan of a colony, and appropriating $50,000 for that purpose.

Governor M'Clellan, of New Jersey, on the 27th ult., signed the Six Per Cent. Interest Bill, and it is now the law of the State.

General T. C. Anderson, of the Louisiana Returning Board, was sentenced, on the 25th ult., to two years imprisonment in the State Penitentiary, with hard labor.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE EASTERN WAR: The Grand Duke Nicholas entered San Stefano, seven miles from Constantinople, on the 24th ult., with one regiment, a detachment of Cossacks, and a special company. The Russian and Turkish lines at that place are separated by the little river Kara Su. Russian and Turkish sentries stand at either end of a bridge 100 feet long. The officers and men of the two armies fraternize in the most remarkable manner.—A Constantinople dispatch of the 28th ult. says the greater part of the Russian conditions has been accepted by the Porte, and that the treaty will soon be signed. The principal points of the conditions are given in the London telegrams from Constantinople, but the *Agence Russe* declares that the published version is grossly inaccurate. Russia has never demanded the expulsion of the Mussulman inhabitants of Bulgaria; she has only demanded the recall of the Turkish officials and troops. Russia does not hand over a portion of Bosnia to Servia. The question of the straits is reserved for the consideration of Europe.—The joint council of the ministers of Austria and Hungary, on the 24th, empowered Count Andrassy to ask the delegations for a credit not exceeding 60,000,000 florins. Both the count and the Emperor assured the council that they earnestly desired peace.—The Roumanian Senate, on the 26th, passed a vote of confidence in the government, recommending it to defend the rights of Roumania in the Conference.—The Turks have retaken Platanos and burned it. The Greek insurgents, after a brave defense, retired to Kokotos.

The English war preparations are being pushed forward rapidly. Lord Napier of Magdala has been designated as commander-in-chief of any expeditionary force that may be sent out in case of war, with Major-General Sir Garnet Wolseley as chief of staff. It is said that 45,000 troops are ready to start from Bombay at short notice. The Elswick Ordnance Works, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, were recently ordered to manufacture 100 torpedoes for the government with all possible speed. The order has now been increased to 800 torpedoes. In the House of Lords, on the 25th ult., Lord Derby, in reply to a question of the Earl of Dunraven, said that the Russian demand for the Turkish men-of-war had been refused by the Porte. He hoped it would not be persisted in. If the Egyptian tribute was demanded by Russia, the matter would require serious consideration. Respecting the alleged demand for the expulsion of Mussulmans from Bulgaria, Lord Derby said that, whatever the demand was originally, he believed that it has either been withdrawn or materially modified. On the night of the 28th, Sir Stafford Northcote, in the House of Commons, replying to a question, said that the government was still uninformed of the final terms of peace, but if they injuriously affected British interests, the government would take the proper course to vindicate and protect those interests. This declaration was received with loud cheers.

In the Spanish Cortes, on the 26th ult., the Minister of Foreign Affairs announced that all Spanish refugees, on taking the oath of allegiance before a consul, may return to Spain.

Pietro Angelo Secchi, the famous Italian astronomer, died at Rome on the 26th ult., in his sixtieth year.

The British House of Commons, on the 27th ult., passed the Colonial Marriage Bill, which was opposed by the government, by a vote of 182 to 161. It enables the offspring of a marriage concluded under colonial laws with a deceased wife's sister to inherit property in the United Kingdom.

Baez has left Santo Domingo, and a provisional government has been formed under Manuel J. de Galvan.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

THIS celebrated caricaturist, who recently died in London at the age of eighty-six, was a man of most vigorous and versatile genius. He could be playful, tender, graceful, bitterly sarcastic, or terribly in earnest, with his pencil. Throughout his long life, says one who knew him well, his genius "has been a lash to scourge vice; a passionate appeal for the oppressed and ignorant; a merry and kindly reprimand for folly in dress, manners, and customs; and a hearty, good-natured pat on the back—worth a good deal of less honest praise—for well-doing or amendment, while many of the books that have been a joy and delight to our fathers and ourselves owe no little of their charm to the same skillful, never-failing pencil."

Among the many works for which he furnished designs were GRIMM'S *German Popular Stories, Mornings at Bow Street, Peter Schlemihl, Italian Tales, Hans of Iceland, Tales of Irish Life, Punch and Judy, Tom Thumb, John Gilpin, The Epping Hunt, Three Courses and a Dessert*, etc., in all of which the humor is irresistibly attractive and charming. In the delineation of swell-mobsmen, cockneys, and other subjects of London life he was unequalled. Some of his works possessed great tragic force. As specimens of this class may be mentioned several of his illustrations in *Oliver Twist*, and especially "Fagin in the Condemned Cell," "Sykes Calling his Dog," and "Sykes Escaping to the Roof."

CRUIKSHANK was also greatly interested in the temperance movement, and many years ago began to employ his pencil in promoting the cause among the people. "The Bottle" was a series of etchings of a very powerful character, illustrating the drunkard's progress from moderate drinking to mortal excess, and this was followed by a series exhibiting the downward career of the drunkard's children.

This series of sketches pointed out the absolute facts of the drunkard's course and its awful effects, and drew attention most powerfully to one of the greatest evils of the day. Many shuddered at the unexpected and awful spectacle presented to them, while others redoubled their efforts to rescue or save their neighbors from their wretched thralldom. While the world will lavish praise on the HOGARTH of his age, some will gladly give the second father of the temperance movement the loving tribute of thanks which he would have still more highly valued in his later years, for the salutary lesson taught by "The Bottle."

CRUIKSHANK was also largely instrumental in doing away with the barbarous punishment of hanging for forgery. One morning many years ago, while taking an early walk, his steps were arrested by seeing a vast crowd collected. On asking the cause of the excitement, he was told, "Oh! five or six women have just been hung." "What was their crime?" "They had issued forged one-pound notes." Poor, miserable, half-starved, untaught wretches, whose days had been spent in "stitch, stitch, stitch," till the moral eyes were blinded in the bitter struggle to live, whatever might be the case with the bodily ones. For them the brave outspoken denunciation, the urgent petition, and the bitterly indignant satire of the wonder-working pencil came too late. But happily these protests had good work to do, and by the efforts of one man the law of death for forgery of these notes was abolished.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, THE GREAT ENGLISH CARICATURIST.

VERIFYING THE DEATH OF THE POPE.

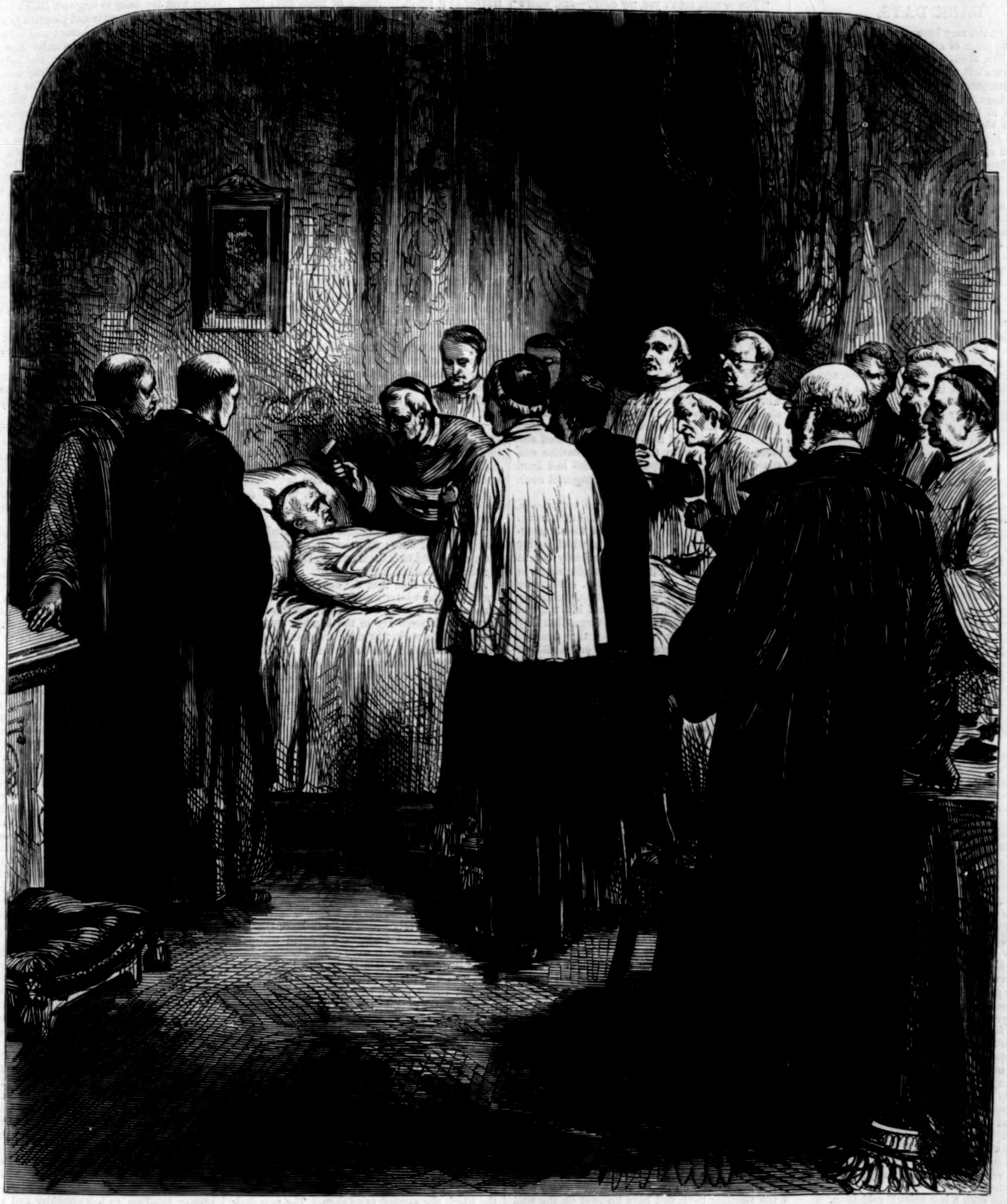
ELABORATE ceremonial seems to be the only means of expression by which power and importance can convince the world of their existence. The higher a man rises, the more he finds himself at the mercy of an intricate system of rites and ceremonies, the observance of which becomes more onerous and wearisome than the performance of most practical duties. Indeed, the mighty ones of the earth, if not "pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw," seem to spend a great part of their time in practicing petty formalities and assisting at showy pageants that can not be congenial to any well-developed mind.

In the same manner that ceremony may be overdone in connection with secular matters, so can ritual be exaggerated in the Church. And although a certain amount may be necessary and admirable, an excess is calculated to produce weariness and disgust among profound and intelligent thinkers. ST. ANTHONY and other worthy members of the early Christian Church fled from the parade and show with which their weaker brethren loved to surround the business of religion, to the glorious and unrestrained freedom of the wilderness. It was the tiresome and meaningless ceremonial of the services of Roman and Anglican churches that led such men as WESLEY and WHITEFIELD to long for some simple form of religious expression, where the true spirit of the thing should not be so encumbered with an elaborate dress that its very existence was open to doubt.

From time immemorial the Roman Catholic Church has surrounded every event in its career with an amount of ceremonial intended to impress the ordinary mind with the awful solemnity and importance of its movements. An instance of this is presented in the accompanying engraving, where the elaborate ceremony of "verifying the death of the Pope" is in process of performance by the Cardinal Camerlengo, in this case Cardinal PECCI, now the occupant of the pontifical chair. As soon as it is ascertained that dissolution has positively taken place, it is the duty of the Cardinal Secretary of State to convey the information to the Camerlengo, who from that moment becomes the Vice-Pope, the sole supreme ruler within and without the palace. It is for him to repair to the Pope's death-chamber, to knock at the door with a silver mallet, and, upon receiving no answer, to step up to the death-bed and "tap the corpse on the forehead, fall on his knees before the motionless body, and pronounce the words, 'Dominus Papa meus mortuus est.'"

This is but a small part of the numberless ceremonies that attend the dissolution of a Pope, for

AN ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL AT ST. PETER'S, ROME.



THE CARDINAL CAMERLENGO VERIFYING THE DEATH OF THE POPE.

whose last hours an elaborate routine is arranged, calculated to invest Death with double his usual terrors. There is no possibility of a Pope's slipping quietly out of life, ignorant of the great change until it is upon him, for the physicians who attend him have strict orders to apprise the sick man of the approach of his last hour. From that moment, according to the prescriptions of Pope INNOCENT III., no favor can be granted by the dying pontiff; no act of his is valid unless countersigned by two cardinals appointed for that purpose. It is the custom, when the physicians have issued the fatal fiat, for the Pope to cause the cardinals to be summoned, in order to make his profession of faith, to declare the contents of his will, to choose his place of interment, and to publicly demand forgiveness for his errors. In this last reunion he must state the debts he has contracted in the name of the Church, and reveal the place where he has concealed his treasures. After all this is done he is permitted to give the assembled cardinals advice as to the choice of his successor. Then he dismisses them. From that moment there remain near the dying pontiff only his confessors, his chamberlain, and his domestic prelates. It may be said that he is already dead so far as the world is concerned. Every thing that occurs up to the moment that he breathes his last is known only to his intimates.

As soon as the fatal moment is near, the Pope receives the sacraments. A couple of wax lights are kept burning in the chamber near a crucifix. This crucifix is presented to the dying pontiff, so that he may press it to his lips until death paralyzes the hand that holds it. During all this time the *penitenziarii* recite the offices for the dead. They only cease when the last breath has left the body. Then follows the ceremony of "Verification," as already described. The corpse of the Pope is exposed for three days in the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament at St. Peter's. Then, in the presence of three cardinals who have been previously chosen by the dead, it is inclosed in three coffins—one of lead, one of cypress wood, and one of oak. The authorities then take charge of the obsequies. These are confided to the care of the College of Cardinals, who cause a large catafalque to be erected in the nave of St. Peter's. Then, in the presence of all the cardinals, a mass and requiem are chanted, and candles of yellow wax are freely distributed to the public. When the ninth day arrives, the mass is sung by a cardinal-bishop, assisted by all the mitred cardinals. Then five of them ascend to the catafalque with an incense-burner and a holy-water sprinkler. After this the ceremony of interment is proceeded with. It takes place either in the spot selected by the deceased Pope or in St. Peter's, if no other place has been designated.

The last moments of PIUS IX. were, like those of his predecessors, public property. On the 2d of February, the day of the *Candelabra*, or feast of the Purification of the Virgin, he felt much better than usual, and had himself conveyed to the Pauline Chapel to hear mass. On his return to his apartments he complained of weariness, and was restless throughout the day and night. He had, however, recovered since that date, and on Wednesday, the day before his death, he seemed so well that Dr. CECCARELLI, the physician in ordinary attendance, had deemed it safe to absent himself from the Vatican, where he was for some time permanently established. At four o'clock in the morning of Thursday, the Pope, who had not slept since midnight, summoned his domestic attendant, who, seeing his master laboring from want of breath and very faint, sent for the Secretary of State, Cardinal SIMEONI, and for the doctor. The latter did not make his appearance until six, and was soon joined by his colleagues, Drs. VALENTINI, ANTONINI, and two aids; but SIMEONI and the Cardinal-Vicar MONACO LA VALLETTA, whose apartments were at hand, stood almost immediately by the Pope's bedside, and their alarm was so great that the Cardinal-Vicar ordered the Holy Sacrament to be exposed in all the parish churches of Rome, and prayers to be offered up to aid the Sovereign Pontiff through the crisis which presented such grave symptoms.

Meanwhile the oppression at the chest continued, and, at the Pope's own request, the sacrament was brought in. The dying pontiff administered the communion to himself with his own hands. At ten, or soon after, the intelligence of his precarious condition was conveyed to the Quirinal. At noon, Cardinal AMAT, a man only four years younger than the Pope, sent word to the Propaganda in the Piazza di Spagna that the Holy Father had received the extreme unction. At the same time an order was given that the printing-office should be closed as soon as the news of his death was forwarded. Soon after, the tidings that the Pope had departed were freely circulated. Toward three in the afternoon a bulletin announcing the fact, signed by the Secretary-General of the Minister of the Interior, Signor DELLA ROCCA, was posted up in the lobby of the Chamber of Deputies. It was followed by another dispatch from the same source contradicting the first. About this time the excitement throughout Rome became intense. ANNE BREWSTER, the correspondent of the New York *World* in that city, writes: "I drove over to the Vatican about three o'clock, and walked about the Raffaelle Loggie while an influential friend went into the Pope's apartments. He found the antechambers crowded with persons of the highest rank. Prince BORGHESE was there, also Prince BARBERINI in full uniform, and the Guardia NOBILE *en grande tenue*. In the outer rooms they were all reciting the rosary in a low voice. In the Swiss Guard Hall were many ladies of high rank, much agitated and praying. My friend staid until four o'clock. When he left he said he could hear the Pope breathing very loudly, as if already in the agonies of death, which he was. This sorrowful agony continued until Ave Maria, when all ended."

One circumstance is remarkable in connection with the long pontificate of PIUS IX., and that is the fact of its setting at defiance one of the most ancient and widely received traditions of Rome, namely, that no pontiff could ever occupy the papal chair for a longer period than the twenty-five years assigned to the reign of St. PETER.

DARK DAYS.

London, on the very hottest of July days, is not, perhaps, the place of all others where one would choose to live, always supposing that the power of choice were left us. We should find the glare on the pavements and on the white houses, the close, oppressive atmosphere, the brown and withered grass in the squares, perfectly insupportable after a very few days, and we should fly to Cowes or Ryde, to Norway or New York, for change and refreshment.

But if, like Polly Marker and "the boys," we were moneyless, homeless, friendless, outside the great Babylon, we should probably spend the July days as she did, and revel, as the boys used to do, in the "jolly heat."

Polly was the eldest of the family by four years, and, if you care to look at her, as she stands clinging to the railings of the Square gardens, I think you will agree with me that there is something in her face that makes you wish to look again. Straight soft hair laid smoothly on each side of a narrow head, surmounted by a sun-bonnet; a wide, sad mouth and humorous eyes that belie, by their sudden twinkling glances, the story of the face. The eyes are a family feature, moreover, only Dick's are larger, and the lashes that shade them are more indisputably Irish, and are Polly's pride. Dick is standing, with his hands in his pockets, leaning against a lamp-post whistling, while the baby lies lazily at his feet, sucking the brushes out of his shoe-black box—for the whole family are waiting for a job.

Suddenly Polly, who has been gazing intently and wistfully at the geraniums in the Square, and making believe she is a lady and this is her own garden, drops her hands hastily from the railings and retreats backward toward the boys as the Square gardener shakes his fist at her from the inside. "And if you could give me a few flowers for the evening, Stanley," she says, in a loud, clear voice—for she is still "making believe" that this is her own gardener—"I shall be much obliged."

"Oh, I say, Polly," says Dick, remonstratingly, as the baby sets up a howl of anguish, "you're just treading on him, you know, and you should just look where you're going, you know."

Polly's dream thus rudely disturbed, she becomes prosaic instantly; picks up the box she has upset, gives the baby an admonitory slap, and thumps him down on the pavement some two yards further off, where he cries privately, in a silly, whimpering way, for some minutes, and then begins a laborious progress toward the blacking-box again.

Suddenly out of Green Street, over which the afternoon shadows were folding down, a horse came picking its way daintily into quiet, sunny Grosvenor Square. The horse was a wicked-looking chestnut, and it came up the centre of the road, tossing its pretty head, and stepping high with its four white-stockinged feet. The whole family rose with one accord, and Polly pointed out the beautiful creature for baby's admiration, but Dick had caught sight of the rider, and was standing motionless. The rider was a lady—young enough in reality, but old to Dick, to whom twenty-one lay in such a very dim future. She sat her horse well and lightly, looking straight between the delicate, sensitive ears. She had golden brown hair that the sun caught and gilded into a glory, and she had brown eyes that lighted upon the children presently, as they stood watching her. Her groom had just turned the corner as she beckoned to Dick and handed him a letter.

"Will you drop that into the letter-box for me?" she said, "and here is sixpence."

Dick took the letter, touching his ragged curls to the sweet eyes and shining face; then he closed his hand on the money, and darted across the road to drop the letter into the box.

The lady turned and called out, "Thank you," as she passed him, cantering out of the Square, and smiled again, leaving Dick gazing after her entranced.

"What a beautiful lady!" he said, going back to Polly's side, with a sigh.

"Yes, very pretty," said Polly; "and, my! what a horse!"

"She had such a low voice!" said Dick.

"Yes, precious low," said Polly; "I couldn't hear a word she said. My! how could she come a-walking into the Square like that?—wouldn't I have been a-cantering, just!"

"Hadn't we better go home?" ventured Dick, presently; "there's no use standing here all day."

"How much did she give you?" said practical Polly, stretching out her hand to touch the one that covered the sixpence.

"Sixpence," said Dick, opening his fingers; but there was a mistake somewhere, for in the middle of his hot little palm lay a shining sovereign, and all the glory of the sinking sun seemed to flicker in little shafts of light on the piece of gold.

"Shut your hand, *tight*," said Polly, in a breathless whisper—"*the gardener*, you know—and we'll go home."

"But mayn't we spend the sixpence?" said Dick, aggrieved, while his lips quivered—"just for dinner, Polly?"

"Of course," said Polly, sharply; "we'll change it and have dinner, and keep the change; only don't cry, Dickie, and if you'll take baby, I'll carry the box."

They sauntered along, in a little procession of three, all down Green Street and into a dirtier, drearier part of the town—dived down side streets and alleys to a little dinner shop that Polly knew, where the procession stopped.

"Two slices of bread and two bacons," said Polly, to whom the possession of the sovereign imparted a novel dignity, "and a ha'porth of milk, and—this to change, Mrs. Nixon."

Mrs. Nixon rang the coin down on the counter in a business-like way, and then looked sharply at Polly for a minute, and said,

"You're rich, aren't you, my dear?—and where did it come from?"

"Oh, we've got it to change," said Polly, "and we're to keep the sixpence."

"Well! you're honest children," said Mrs. Nixon, kindly, "and takes after your mother; so there's your dinners, and there's the change—nineteen blessed shillings and a sixpence."

They took the slices of bread and bacon out into the sunshine, and ate it sitting on the pavement; and they fed baby by turns, while Polly kept the money tight in her hand: then, when the feast was over, they rose slowly up, and went away down the dark alley, where men and women stood about in discontented groups, up a creaking wooden stair, to a door, of which Polly had the key, and the other side of which they called "home."

It was a room that, to unaccustomed eyes, would have looked very blank and bare and desolate, for the bed was only a long low wooden frame with a couple of blankets and a checked quilt upon it. The table was a box, and other furniture there was none, save a couple of rough stools and a cupboard; but over the mantel-shelf there was nailed up a little gallery of portraits, with a setting of peacock's feathers and a background of china ornaments—a faded daguerreotype of a pretty woman with a baby in her arms, a common photograph of a lad in hussar uniform, with "For Dear Mother," scrawled beneath it, and an alarming black head that bore the name of "Father"—though the eyes must have been clever and loving indeed that could have traced any resemblance between that startling outline and the tall, quiet, consumptive man, who had lived out his weary life among the uncongenial souls in Crowe's Alley.

Well, it had not affected him so very much, after all, and they were kindly people in their way. They used to step on tiptoe, when they remembered, past the door of the room in which he lay propped up by pillows, gazing patiently out at the sunrises and sunsets that just glimmered in over the roofs of the other houses. When he died, and the "missus" fretted for him, and money was slow to come in, they cheered her up, and helped her, these rough folks, and forgot that they used to consider her "fine" when they brought her "just a drop of gruel, dearie," or "a slice of bread for the childer," and sat up for an hour or two when the fever came upon her, and saw that she was decently buried when she died.

After that, time was a miserable blank to Polly for some weeks. The baby was fretful, and Polly's arms were unaccustomed, for mother used to nurse him always; and Dickie used to cry at nights a good deal, until the folks in the alley clubbed together and bought him a blacking-box, and he began to earn pennies. By that time Polly had learned her way to the pawn shop, and the room was beginning to look empty, and the children were not so neat as they had been; but, through all the misery and loneliness and want, there was something beautiful growing into the little home—a kind of glory springing up in Polly's life that made it grander and nobler than it used to be, when she was little and selfish, and mother cared for her.

Tired and worried, she sat down this evening on one of the broken stools, and hushed the fractious baby to sleep, softening her voice to a kind of mournful hum, while Dickie leaned against her knee listening. Then she laid him softly in the bed, and tucked him in, and she and Dickie took down the ragged Bible and read a verse, and then sat on for a long time in the darkening room, looking out of the narrow window, and thinking. Well, Dickie was thinking of the lady's face he had seen in Grosvenor Square, and of the nineteen shillings and sixpence; and Polly, with her tangled head laid down upon the sill, and her tired hands crossed on her lap, was wondering where the pennies were to come from to-morrow, and if— She raised herself suddenly, and went over to the fire-place to lean her head upon the wall under mother's picture, as she had a way of doing when she was very tired. But if it must go too?—if she must come in tired some evening, and have no mother to go to, even a picture—if she must wake up in the night, and creep over the sleeping boys, and have no spot on the wall to which to turn and be comforted? "Why, then, I must bear that too," thought Polly, "and I shall grow used to it."

"Polly," said Dick, suddenly, "where's the money?"

"Oh, I've put it in the box," said Polly—"down at the very bottom; and we must take it out with us every day, Dick, until we see her again, you know, to give her the change."

"I shall go to bed," said Dick, yawning; "help me, Polly, I'm so tired."

So Polly forgot herself and her own troubles, and helped him to undress; and then she drew the curly head on to her tired shoulder, and sang to him as she had done to baby until he fell asleep. And if her arms ached as she laid him gently down, and if she fell asleep over her prayers, and if the restless baby kept her wakeful till the gray morning dawn, who was to know it save He who neither slumbereth nor sleepeth, and, perhaps, the dead mother whose name she sobbed in her sleep before the sun fell on her face and awoke her?

So the hot July days came and went, and brought pleasure as well as pain to the little room in Crowe's Alley.

The room was emptier than ever, and food was scarce, and bread was dear; but then baby was beginning to walk, and the sun was not so hot, so that Dick was not so tired and cross; and Polly, in her love of making believe, had developed a talent for mimicry that caused many a shrill laugh to echo through the empty room, and even to find its way down the crooked stairs into the court.

"Set the door open, mother," little Billy O'Flannighan, the cripple, used to say; "there's Polly Marker at it again." And if he could have crept up to the children's garret he would have seen Polly with the blanket tied round her as a skirt, and peacock's feathers in her hair, making believe to the admiring Dick that she was the lady of Grosvenor Square going to court.

She laughed more than she used to do at first, this brave Polly; but when the play was ended, and the boys where in bed, having laughed themselves to sleep over their supper, Polly would turn resolutely away, put her share by into the cupboard, and creep cold and hungry between the blankets. So, as the days slid into weeks, and the autumn weather set in, Dick grew stronger and healthier, and the baby flourished; but the folks in Crowe's Alley shook their heads over Polly's thin face with its hectic flush, and said aside to one another that she was going the way her father did, and no wonder, poor lamb!

But Polly was very happy; her life was such a busy one, and the boys so good, that the void in her heart was being gradually filled up; and even when the day came that she had to stand on tiptoe and take down the peacock's feathers and the pictures and the china ornaments as a last offering to the pawn shops, she found that she had not time to be so very miserable, after all.

She sat on one of the stools with the pictures in her lap, and made the boys kiss them, and, just for a minute, tears came to her eyes when Dickie, kissing the black head obediently, looked up to ask, "But who is it, Polly?"

"Why, it's father," said Polly, "and dear mother, and you, Dickie, when you were a wee thing like our baby, and Willie—our soldier, Dick, that died." And Dick said, "Oh yes; I 'member," and turned away to play horses with baby round the empty room, while Polly sat on, with all her household gods in her lap, and tears in her frank blue eyes.

"I thought Dick would have remembered," she said to herself once; and then she gathered up the pictures and took them away to the shop, locking the door behind her.

And all the time that the funds were getting lower, and the winter weather was setting in, and pennies were getting scarcer, the nineteen shillings and sixpence lay in the big box by night and in Polly's pocket by day; only, one evening, when the landlord had taken away the box as part payment of the rent, and things were looking so serious that the neighbors began talking of the "House," Polly took the money, and, having nowhere else to put it, laid it out in little heaps upon the mantel-shelf, and she and Dick sat down and looked at it.

Baby was fast asleep in bed, the church clock outside had just boomed out ten on the frosty November air, and most of the lodgers were quiet—for the Crowe's Alley folks went to bed early; Polly sat with her thin cheek resting on her hand, and Dick was lying on the ground at her feet, when suddenly the boy said, "Let's count it, Polly."

She must have known instinctively to what he was alluding, for, though she started, she rose without a word, and, with steady fingers, laid the shillings side by side along the mantel-shelf. "Nineteen shillings," she said, slowly, "and the sixpence."

"It seems hardly worth while to leave the sixpence there," said Dick, in a hurried whisper, "does it, Polly? *If* it were ours—"

"If it were ours," said Polly, with brightening eyes, "we'd have a good dinner to-morrow, Dick, and not cheap bread, and we'd give baby milk without water in it."

"And if it were *all* ours?" said Dick, still speaking softly.

"If it were all ours," interrupted Polly, with a strange look darkening over her face, "we *would* be happy, Dickie, wouldn't we? Something to eat for a whole month—till Christmas—and something over."

"Oh, every thing," said Dick. "Polly"—and he dropped his voice until she had to stoop to listen—"couldn't we just—borrow it, you know, for a month or so? If it were ours—" And his little childish hand stole out and touched the first shilling on the shelf.

Polly had been sitting as one in a dream, but at the touch she seemed to awaken. The new dark look that had been creeping over her face changed and brightened as she jumped up and put Dick's hand somewhat roughly aside. "*If* it were ours, we'd spend it, Dick," she said; "but as it is, we'll just keep it safe till we see her."

"But if we never see her?" said Dick, whimpering and half frightened.

"Never mind that," said Polly, decidedly; "if the worst comes, Dick, and we have nothing, why, there's always the House."

"But a *work-house*," objected Dick.

"Well, we have to work anyway," said Polly, with practical common-sense, "and we may as well work in a house as not—that's my joke, Dick."

Dick laughed, as he always felt bound in honor to do at Polly's jokes; and, half an hour afterward, he was lying fast asleep, with long lashes shading the wistful eyes, and the money quite forgotten; but Polly, remembering the temptation, kept the shillings always in her pocket for the future, and went to bed that night with one other trouble added to her careful life.

But they did not come to the "House," after all, for, when the children had gone to bed that night, Mrs. O'Flannighan held a council of two in her room, and decided that she could work with an easier mind by day if Polly were there to tend Billy a bit, and give him what he needed.

"So I'll pay the rent of the room," Mrs. O'Flannighan said, "and I don't doubt they'll pick up enough to get along for the winter;" for Mrs. O'Flannighan was looked upon as a moneyed woman in Crowe's Alley.

So it chanced that morning after morning, when Dick had gone out with his blacking-box to earn the daily bread, Polly would go singing down stairs with the baby to brighten Billy's room with her patient, cheery ways and pleasant face, as she had brightened her own home; and Billy caught the infection, and grew to wonder how he had ever thought the days long, or the pain in his back too terrible to bear, for Polly could show him so many ways of making the time pass. She could make baskets out of nuts, and mice out of apple pips; she could sing and chatter while she worked about; and, best of all, when the sunshine died out and her work was over, she could pin up a corner of the blind, just to show the red light over the gloomy alley, and sit holding his feverish hand in hers, telling him beautiful stories, with the quiet baby on her lap; only sometimes she had to stop when she coughed—she had grown to cough a good deal lately—and then they would all sit quite quiet until Mrs. O'Flannighan came bustling in, or Dickie's whistle sounded on the stairs, and Polly had to run out to spend the pennies he had earned.

"She's not a bad child," Mrs. O'Flannighan said to Billy, as she stood one evening watching the slight figure toiling wearily up stairs with the baby—"better than most, I fancy."

"Why, mother," said Billy, flushing at the faint praise, "she's more than that—she's beautiful."

"They were a good lot—always," went on the woman, standing by the window, with her rough arms crossed. "The mother was a likely woman—but fine."

"How *fine?*" asked little Billy, sitting up in bed and listening attentively.

"Oh, they thought a deal of themselves, for they'd come down in the world—the Markers; but they were quiet folk, and when they got poor and ill we were all sorry for them, and helped them on a bit. Good quiet creatures, but too fine for Crowe's Alley."

"But Polly's not fine," said Billy, with a sob in his voice.

"No, not fine, but too good for Crowe's Alley, all the same—one of the kind that's above this earth by a long way."

"But she's been on the earth such a little while," said Billy, earnestly: "they wouldn't take her away yet. You've been longer, mother, and I doubt you're tired; but Polly 'd never want to get to heaven before me."

"Good gracious me, child!" said Mrs. O'Flannighan, brusquely, "and what's wishing got to do with it, I wonder? Polly Marker may be fit for heaven now, or she may have as many years as I've had to live out first; but, mark my words, Billy O'Flannighan, that, with that cough of hers, and her half starving herself for the little childer, she'll be laid up before the winter's out."

Which remark of Mrs. O'Flannighan was as true as a prophecy, for, when the cold winter sun rose next morning over Crowe's Alley, it was Dick who was creeping shivering about to build up the little fire and make the tea, while Polly lay white and sick upon the bed, with her heavy eyes closed.

"Do you feel any better?" Dickie asked, every two or three minutes; and Polly tried to open her eyes and smile, but she looked so white and still that Dickie grew frightened presently, but more frightened when Polly sat up in bed, as she did by-and-by, with a red spot on each cheek, and began talking rapidly and moving her hands about. Dickie and baby sat staring at her, and some of the neighbors, attracted by the noise, looked in and gave her water, and smoothed the bed, and went away looking very grave; but in the twilight Mrs. O'Flannighan came home from her day's work, and when she heard from Billy that Polly was ill, she went hurriedly up to the children's garret to see what was the matter. Dickie had made tea, and was pouring it out for baby and himself in the fast-fading light of the window: they were sitting in shadow, and he was talking softly to the baby as he handed him his little mug; but a bit of the blind was drawn aside so that a shaft of red light lay across the uncomfortable bed and Polly's feverish hands, that were plucking at the coverlet, and across the eager, restless face.

Mrs. O'Flannighan put up a rough hand for a minute to her eyes, then, without a word, she went over to the bed, and, sitting down, drew the uneasy head on to her shoulder and let it rest there; and poor Polly, seeing something familiar in the face bending over her, cried out, "Why, mother!" in a sudden, pleading way. With that her voice broke into sobs, and she cried as she had never had time to cry since her mother died.

"What has she had to eat to day?" Mrs. O'Flannighan asked of the children, who had crept closer to her when Polly began to cry.

"Why, nothing," said Dickie, "only some cold tea. She wasn't hungry in the morning, she said, and this afternoon she's been queer—kind of laughing and crying, like—so we just played about, baby and me, and didn't heed her."

"Poor little girl!" Mrs. O'Flannighan said, softly; "no wonder the fever's got into her head, with nothing to eat. Well, go down now, Dickie, and leave baby in my room, and bring me up Billy's beef tea, and then run round to Dr. Stanley, 5 Greenacre, and ask him to come down to-night."

Dick, scared and horrified at the idea of a doctor being needed for Polly, hurried off in the gathering darkness to Dr. Stanley's house. He rang twice before the bell was answered, and then the maid just opened the door a crack, and, to his timid question, answered, "Not at home," and shut it again with a bang; so Dickie, miserable and shivering, sat down in the light of the surgery lamps and cried.

He fancied he had been sitting there for hours, when a carriage stopped quite close to him, and a gentleman jumped out and ran up the steps. Dick slunk away and crouched up in a corner, but not before the gentleman had seen him, and stooped to touch his shoulder.

"What is it, my boy?" he said; "do you want to see Dr. Stanley?"

At the voice and touch, all Dick's troubles broke

loose and overwhelmed him. "Oh yes, I do," he said, drying his eyes; "and, please Sir, he's not at home—and Polly's raging in fever—and I can't put baby to bed, and Mrs. O'Flannighan will have to go to Billy: please, Sir, if you're a doctor, couldn't you come and help us?"

"What a dreadful state of affairs!" said the gentleman, in a pleasant, cheery voice. Yes, I am a doctor, and I can spare ten minutes to come and see Miss Polly if you like. Here! jump into the carriage, and tell me where to drive to."

"Number 10 Crowe's Alley," said Dick, briskly, "up two flights, in the garret;" and so he drove away side by side with one of the best men and one of the cleverest doctors in London, to the dingy room in Crowe's Alley, where Polly, with the light of reason shining in her eyes again, was lying exhausted with her hot tangled head on Mrs. O'Flannighan's shoulder.

The doctor's first thought, as he came into the room, was a shuddering horror of the dinginess and gloom and emptiness of this unhomelike home; the next, when he turned to the corner with the bed, where the one dip guttering on a chair threw a fitful light on Polly's flushed face, was to recognize as by instinct that here, in this dreary room, and on this childish face, was concentrated all the careful love and tender patience that can make a home any where.

For Polly raised her head painfully with a cheery, patient smile, and tried to speak; and Mrs. O'Flannighan rose hastily, and dropped a long-forgotten courtesy to the doctor, for she was not as ignorant as Dick, and she knew the great man by sight.

He nodded to her kindly, and took the place she had left vacant by the bed, feeling the flickering pulse gravely, while he asked her many questions about Polly, that she answered with tears in her eyes.

Then the doctor laid the wasted hand down tenderly and said, "Rest and quiet and patience, Miss Polly, and you'll do."

"But the children?" faltered Polly.

"Oh, never mind the children," said the doctor; "we'll look after them, and you're to think of no one but yourself. And while you can't earn money, Miss Polly," he added, in his gentle way, as if he were telling her the most natural thing in the world, "I'll take care of the household expenses for you, and Mrs. O'Flannighan here shall be your nurse, if she will."

"Thank you," said Polly, accepting the goodness as quietly as he offered it. "I was wondering about the children; but Dickie earns a bit with his blacking, and baby's getting a deal less trouble with his teeth."

Those were strange days to Polly, and dark times came among them—times of racking pain and feverish thirst, of delirium and misery and horrid dreams—out of which she wakened one February morning into a life of stillness, of utter weariness, and utter content; when her sight was dim, and the hum of life in the alley came as from afar off to her feeble ears; and she could not speak to Dick when he came and sat on the bed beside her and told her how beautiful it was out-of-doors.

The doctor staid with her a whole hour that day, and gave her beef tea and brandy every little while, and spoke gently to her, and read to her out of the torn Bible about the streets of gold and the water of the River of Life; and he kissed her when he went away, and said, "God bless you, Polly;" for he thought himself that by the next morning she would know more about the city of God than the Revelation could teach her.

But Polly surprised them all. The crisis passed safely over, and the wave of life that had ebbed away, and left only the wasted body that they all loved and tended, swept slowly landward again, and Polly was safe. The doctor told her so one day, kneeling by the bed, and smoothing back the short rough locks from the gentle face; and Polly said, "Thank you, Sir—God won't forget all we owe you—the boys and me: I'm one of the least of these," she said, smiling faintly, "and I think, Sir, you did it to the Lord."

And then the doctor went home, and talked to his sister for an hour of the gratitude of this so-called ungrateful world, and of the good that lies dormant in nearly every human soul. "There's Crowe's Alley," he said, "the worst place in London; and Mrs. O'Flannighan, that the very police are afraid of, sitting up night and day with a little child who is down with fever, and all the neighbors coming in now and then to bring her bits of things, and oranges, or pictures, or to take the baby out for an airing! Depend upon it, if we went deep enough, we should find a stratum of good every where."

And his sister thought, though she did not say it, for the doctor hated to be praised, that you would not have to go very deep for the stratum of good in some people.

I showed you Polly first on a glorious July day, clinging to the railings in Grosvenor Square, with all her family around her; I show her to you, for the last time, on a sunny April afternoon, when she had crept out into the Park for her first walk, and was standing, with the boys, close by the Marble Arch, watching the grand carriages sweep in and out, with their burdens of smiling faces, that looked as happy as faces are apt to do in the spring.

Polly was weak and tired; and what with the dizziness and the flickering sunshine and the noise, she was standing in a kind of dream, half forgetting the boys, who had made a holiday of Polly's first day, and were perfectly happy.

Out of the dream, however, and out of the gloom of the overshadowing archway, came a pretty Victoria, with a dainty chestnut, arching its neck proudly, as it was drawn up against the railings on the opposite side. Polly hardly saw the carriage, however, and hardly noticed the horse, for she was looking intently at a face in the carriage—the face that had stood out distinctly in her mind through nine weary months, in a sunny frame, against a background of gloom and misery—the face of the lady who had ridden into Grosvenor Square on that hot July day. With a cry that Dick did not hear, she stooped her head and darted swiftly under the railings into the road. She heard the clear ring of hoofs close beside her, a smothered exclamation, and a clatter on the road, as a horse was reined sharply up on her right hand; but when she glanced up with frightened, wistful eyes, and saw it was the doctor, she just nodded her head, re-assured; and he, looking after her, saw her dart between the lines of carriages, and spring up on to the steps of the Victoria.

The lady in it was leaning back talking to a young man on the other side, and she paused abruptly as Polly's eager face came on to a level with her own, and turned toward her; while the young man put up an eyeglass, the better to suppress the audacious beggar, just as Polly brought her hand out of her pocket, and cast the nineteen shillings and sixpence into the lady's lap.

"It's the change," she said, breathlessly.

"What change?" said the lady, with a sudden shy blush rising to her face, as she saw people beginning to collect, and whisper, and stare—as she saw the doctor, who had dismounted and was leading his horse, stand beside Polly with an amused smile on his face.

"Don't laugh, Paul," she said to him, half laughing herself. "What is it all about? I don't understand."

"Nor do I," he said; "but this is a little patient of mine, Margaret. Come, Miss Polly, I thought you were so poor—where did the money come from?"

"Don't you remember?" said Polly, turning her sweet, perplexed face on to that other beautiful face beside her. "A day last July? It was in Grosvenor Square, and you were riding a chestnut horse with white stockings, and you gave Dick—that's him yonder, my brother—a sixpence to post a letter; but it was a sovereign, and we kept the change to give you."

The lady sat quite quiet for a minute, with her eyes bent down and her delicate gloved hands touching one after another the shillings that lay in her lap; then she raised her eyes, that looked sweeter than ever, with just the shadow of tears in them, and said, giving a quick glance round, and then looking straight past every one at the doctor, "Why, Paul, it was nine months ago—and I never even missed it!"

They were all quiet for a minute, while Polly stood looking from one to another, wondering and perplexed. Then the doctor touched her and said, "Come, Miss Polly, we shall have you ill again. I'm going to put you and the boys into a cab and send you home. Good-by, Margaret, until to-night." He spoke in a different voice when he turned to the sweet face and shining eyes, and he did not call her "Lady Margaret" as other people did, for he was going to be married to her in three days.

Well, that was the end, or rather the beginning in many ways, for Polly—for there was no want or misery or loneliness for her any more; and Dickie, in after-years, used to say their fortune turned on the day when the lady rode into Grosvenor Square with the letter.

But Polly on her knees sometimes thanks God for a temptation she resisted one miserable night in winter—for who else knows, or can ever know, how great the temptation was? and loyal Polly ignores or has forgotten how nearly Dick fell into the temptation too.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

It may surprise some of our readers to be informed that, in the opinion of so high an authority as Mr. Clements R. Markham, South America, of all regions of the world, contains at present by far the greatest amount of unexplored and unknown country, exceeding Africa in this respect. In a recent communication to the Geographical Society of London he takes up the various portions of that continent which, in his opinion, require further investigation, and remarks that, beginning at the south, the greater part of Patagonia is practically unknown, and that the researches of Señor Moreno, of Buenos Ayres, enable him to say with confidence that the unexplored region conceals immense paleontological and ethnological treasures, entirely new material for botanical and zoological studies, and geological features of great interest.

We have already referred to some recent labors of this distinguished traveller, and to the ethnological material obtained by him, including human crania closely resembling the fossil man of Neanderthal.

Proceeding northward from Patagonia, we come to the Grand Chaco—a vast unexplored region within the basins of the Paraguay, Pilcomayo, and the Vermejo. The labors of Captain Mayne and others of the Chilian navy, of Captain Musters, Mr. Matthews, and Colonel Church, have enabled us to solve a portion of the problems connected with this vast region, but there is still enough to employ several parties of travellers for years.

A still greater area of unknown land is in the basin of the Madeira River, on the eastern slope of the Andes—a region known to be prolific in strange and novel forms of animal and vegetable life. It is believed that this locality abounds in gold, and that one day a vast industry connected with this metal will be developed.

The basin of the Madre de Dios, a river which drains the montaña of Cuzco, still remains an extremely important region for research. The exploration of the valley of the Beni River was one of Professor Orton's problems, and for which he made his third visit to South America. Unfortunately his death took place on Lake Titicaca just as he was about entering upon it. The Ucayale, which not long since was as little known as the Beni, has lately been investigated, and the character of some of its tributaries determined, although the information is not entirely complete.

In the same general region there are entire provinces of Peru mentioned by Mr. Markham which are altogether undescribed and unknown. This applies, indeed, to a great part of Peru. Further north, in Ecuador, there are large tracts east of the Cordilleras that need exploration, especially in the basins of the Pastaça, Napo, and other rivers.

A similar uncertainty remains as to the character of a very large part of the Amazon Valley, many of the rivers being known near their mouths only, though they are of the first magnitude, being as yet entirely unvisited by civilized man. If, therefore, any American is emulous of the honors of a discoverer, he can, by a perusal of Mr. Markham's paper, printed in the *Geographical Magazine* for January, 1878, readily find suggestions as to the most convenient points of attack.

The death of J. W. Bosanquet is announced as having occurred on the 22d of December, 1877. This gentleman was distinguished for his researches in Biblical chronology and Assyrian history. His suggestions in reference to solar eclipses, as bearing upon such subjects, have been of great value to the practical investigation of many astronomical problems.

According to Sidot, a glass made of the phosphate of lime will not be attacked by hydro-fluosilicic acid. This glass is entirely transparent, and capable of being manipulated as ordinary glass. It is only attacked by other acids in boiling-hot concentrated solutions.

F. Z. Raspail, an eminent French naturalist, died on the 7th of January, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. He presented the somewhat remarkable characteristic of being equally prominent both as a man of science and as a politician, in the latter relation having been one of the champions of the revolution of 1830, and on that account exposed to repeated fine and imprisonment.

His specialty was that of vegetable physiology and chemical jurisprudence. A simple microscopical device, known as the Raspail microscope, has been long known, and is still in use as a dissecting instrument.

The establishing of a branch of the National Observatory, to be placed at some elevated point in the West, has lately been agitated, and much is expected as the result of its completion.

The Fish Commissioners of Kentucky have published their first report for the year ending November 1, 1877, and presented an account of the operations of the board during the year. The most interesting feature is the account of the capture of shad in large numbers at Louisville during the spring of 1877, no less than 600 having been sold in the markets of the city, where they were eagerly sought for, and brought much higher prices than the shad of the Eastern States. These fish can be directly traced to the stock of 200,000 young shad introduced into the Alleghany River, in the State of New York, in 1873.

The *Museum of Natural History* is a new serial publication about to be started in New York, and devoted to a popular illustration of the animal kingdom. It is to some extent a reprint of the English edition, edited by Richardson, Dallas, Cobbold, William Baird, and Adam White. It is especially adapted to the United States by the presentation of original matter relating to American fauna, by Dr. J. B. Holder, of the American Museum of Natural History in New York.

General La Marmora, an eminent Italian engineer and a patron of scientific research, has lately died.

The superiority of the Westinghouse air brake over its European competitors appears to have been signally established as the result of a long-continued series of experiments made in England before the royal commission on railway accidents, a formal report of comparisons with the brakes of Smith and Barker stating that the quickest results from putting on and taking off the brakes were obtained from the Westinghouse apparatus.

A similar comparison at Cassel, in Germany, of the Westinghouse with the Heberlin, Steele, and Smith brakes, gave a superiority in all branches of competition of from sixteen to sixty per cent. Although the Westinghouse apparatus is more expensive at first, yet its greater lightness and durability constitute very decided points of superiority.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An old bachelor was rather taken aback, a day or two since, as follows: Picking up a book, he exclaimed, upon seeing a wood-cut representing a man kneeling at the feet of a woman, "Before I would ever kneel to a woman, I would encircle my neck with a rope and stretch it." And then turning to a young woman, he inquired, "Do you not think it would be the best thing I could do?" "It would, undoubtedly, be the best for the woman," was the sarcastic reply.

R. C.

He hath reversed the proverb quaint and old—
Speech it is silver, silence it is gold;
His speech is golden, this is not denied;
His silence counts upon the silver side.

Rich people, as a rule, do not have large funerals. They are the exclusive property of poor people who want to be thought rich.

The woman who thrilled an audience with a bright and electric smile has been engaged to light the auditorium of a theatre.

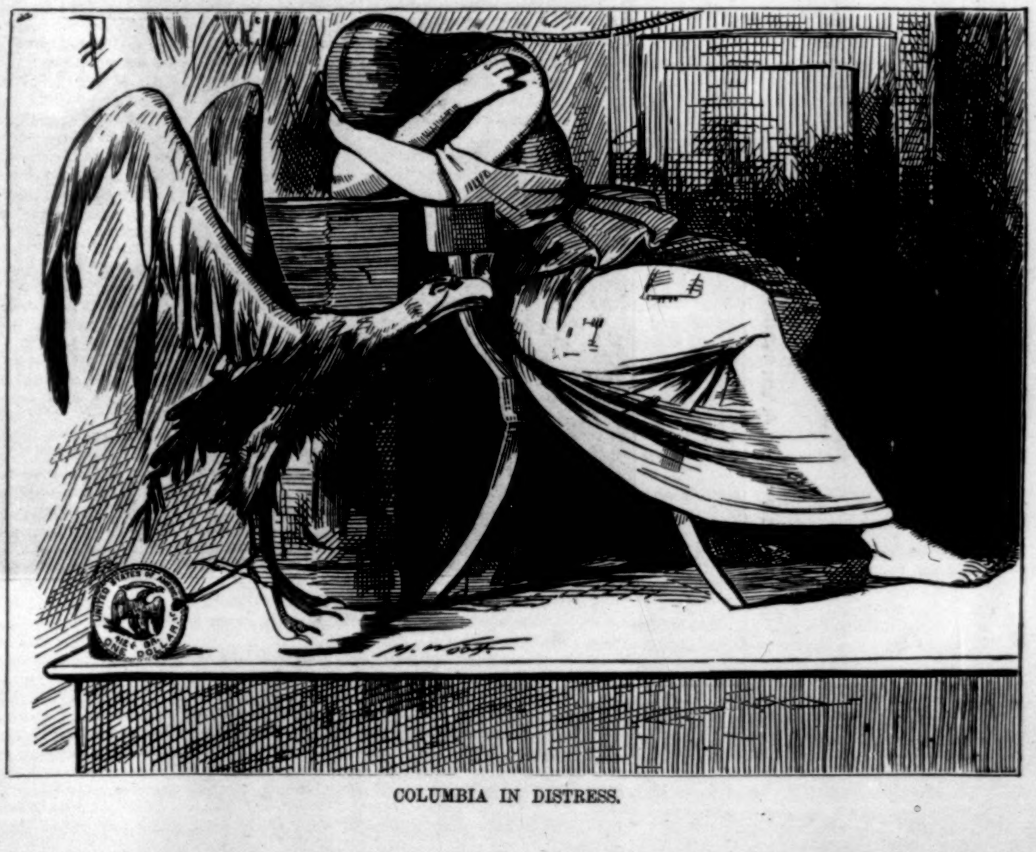
At a law society's dinner the president called upon the senior attorney to give as a toast the person whom he considered the best friend of the profession. "Certainly," was the response. "The man who makes his own will."

The model husband has been found in Albany. He don't permit his wife to do more than half the work. She puts up the canned fruit in summer, and he puts it down in winter.

A hawk swooped down upon a weather vane on a church spire, and was disgusted to find it only an imitation rooster. That bird now agrees with the preacher of the church—that all is vane-ty.

He had brought her the very things she wanted from the supper table to her safe retreat on the stairs, and she was moved to say, half laughingly, "You are a man after my own heart, Mr. B——." "Just what I am after," he answered, quick as a flash, covering her with confusion.

The Height of Economy.—On the 4th of January a gentleman entered the shop of a Parisian stationer and made known his desire to buy a calendar. The price was but a franc. The gentleman made a mental calculation, and then, in the tone of one who would treat affairs largely, said, "I will take it at ninety-five centimes." "But, Sir—" "I would have you observe," said the economical customer, "that already there have passed away from your calendar four days, of which I have no need."



COLUMBIA IN DISTRESS.

Copyright, 1878, by Harper & Brothers.

MR. H. M. STANLEY'S ANGLO-AMERICAN EXPEDITION FOR THE EXPLORATION OF CENTRAL AFRICA—THE HOT SPRINGS OF MTAGATA.

From a Sketch by Mr. Stanley.—[See Page 214.]

THE HOT SPRINGS OF MTAGATA.

In connection with our double-page engraving we can give but a few lines immediately devoted to the subject of the springs themselves, considerable space having already been allotted to Mr. Stanley and his doings in our Supplement. The following is an extract from the explorer's own journal:

"These springs are a famous resort for the invalids of Karagwe Usongora, Wanya-Ruanda, and the natives of Mpororo—of as much local celebrity as those of similar places in Europe. Those who have used the water claim for it a healing influence over many diseases. Those afflicted with ulcers and scrofula and sundry eruptions are said to be benefited within a very short time, and with some who habitually drank the hot water it is said to have had an alterative effect.

"At the time I visited Mtagata there were a number of invalids enjoying the delights of a hot bath free of charge and secure from criticism. Some of the men, with their heads resting on the warm banks, were up to their chins in the pool, while one arm held the pipe with which they indulged themselves in a state of dreamy serenity very seducing. Others sat on the root of a tree which grew above them to the height of 150 feet and more, and let their ulcerous feet be parboiled out of their uncleanness. Others again, almost raw with a rabid cutaneous affection, sweltered and stewed and perspired, with only the face exposed, over which the steam settled in a thin cloud. Women and children, in the *abandon* of unfettered nature, asserted their rights to a share of the divine privileges of freedom and liberty, and with their bodies unveiled prepared to descend into the pools, while many a loud scream of laughter at the feminine affectation they displayed was heard as they slowly put their feet in to test the temperature. Bold youths prepared to spring in with a loud splash, as arrogant vigor and immodest young age always behave in other lands, and guffawed recklessly and noisily at their own audacity, so that when I came in view of this extraordinary and novel scene, deep buried in the wooded gorge, I was quite impressed with its wildness and utter disregard of proprieties. Had the pools been empty, it had been a weird spot, encircled on all sides with the tall forest and with the vigorous tropical plants crowding the soil with their luxuriance, except where, right across the gorge, I saw the summit of the hill which rises on the opposite side.

"H. M. Stanley."

CONSTANTINOPLE CAPTURED.
1453.

Mr. Bryce's interesting sketch of modern Constantinople,[1] once more apparently about to become a Christian city, recalls the dreadful night, the fearful day, in which, four hundred and twenty-five years ago, it fell into the power of the Turks. The horrors of the sack of the great capital, the terrors of the lingering siege, are described by one who shared in all the perils he relates, who was statesman, philosopher, historian, the Macaulay or the Burleigh of his age, but who in that fatal moment was reduced to the condition of a slave, with all ranks of his countrymen, and was sold with his wife and children into a hopeless captivity. Phranza recovered his freedom, after some months of slavery, and redeemed his wife; his son and daughter perished horribly; nor happily does modern warfare inflict the pains that seemed inseparable from a Turkish conquest. But "I myself," says Phranza, "fell into their power, and have experienced all the evils of slavery."[2] He was the devoted friend of the Emperor Constantine Palæologus, the most trusted minister of the court; and the narrative or journal he has left of the events of the fatal siege reads like some savage romance by a Dumas or a Sue, or some improbable fiction of unimagined horrors. From its scenes of startling vicissitudes Johnson has borrowed the story of *Irene*, and failed to reach the simple vigor of the chronicler. Later sieges have perhaps been almost equally appalling; the flight of bombs and fiery missiles is more murderous often than a mediæval battery. But when Constantinople fell, a Christian nation perished; the noble and the servant, the mistress and the maid, the abbot and his janitor,[3] the learned and the dull, sank into a common slavery, and were driven away in miserable hordes through the streets of the magnificent city they had labored to adorn or rule.

The situation of the city resembles closely that of New York. The Golden Horn on the north, the Propontis on the south, meet in a point where the Seraglio opens its half-ruined vistas. The natural scene around Constantinople, Mr. Bryce thinks, is fairer than the environs of any capital, the sky purer, the waves bluer, the landscape less tarnished by the hand of man. But the modern city has neither streets, forum, porticoes, nor temples. Its houses are flung together in irregular groups, and a general decay marks all its most populous quarters. Ruin is every where, neglect, disorder. But the peninsula or point of land is easy of defense; and four centuries ago, when the art of warfare was new, it had been made by the care of successive Greek emperors almost impregnable to any attack. The great double wall, which had been enlarged or perfected from Theodosius to Michael Palæologus, ran from the Golden Horn to the Propontis; it extended in length nearly five miles, was guarded by a succession of lofty towers, and in front by a ditch one hundred feet in depth, cased and lined with stone. The ditch was sometimes converted into a flowing stream that spread from sea to sea. The walls were pierced by several gates fortified with peculiar care.[1] The Golden Gate, on the south, once dedicated to the triumphal processions of the earlier emperors, had been walled up forever in shame or superstitious terror. It was a tradition that the Latins should one day enter the city through that ill-omened portal, and the Turks, who apply the oracle to a Christian army, have never suffered it to be restored. The Gate of Adrianople, the Wooden Gate, the Beautiful Gate, and others are mentioned; but about midway between the two seas, defended by two conspicuous towers, arose the Gate of St. Romanus, the chief aim of the hostile attack. Here for forty days the fire of the new artillery raged incessantly, and here occurred the last fierce contest that decided the fall of Constantinople.

Along the sea the city was sufficiently protected by a single wall, and the valor of the Venetians and the Cretans; at Pera a colony of Genoese held a timid neutrality. Within the great city might be seen traces of the ruin of ages, the ravages of the Latins, the decay of its population, the degeneracy of a race. But it was still the most magnificent of European capitals, the centre of learning and the arts. A scanty population of 100,000 hid amidst the decayed palaces, churches, monasteries, of their ancestors; the poverty of the emperors had been enforced by the waste of ages; the streets of the city were desolate and lonely compared to the swarming throngs even of the twelfth century; the trade of the East was in the hands of strangers. Yet the people were still the last of the Greeks, the Emperor the successor of Constantine; within their city were laid up the treasures of ancient genius; their libraries contained the perfect works of Plato and Aristotle; their paintings and their sculptures might have retained some trace of Zeuxis and Praxiteles; and as the savage horde of nomads gathered around the rare museum of ancient art, one wonders at the apathy of Europe, of Christendom, of scholarship and letters. Had one tithe of the armies of Burgundy, of England, or of France encamped behind the walls of Theodosius, the city might easily have been saved; a re-enforcement of ten thousand Italians or Genoese must have driven the savages back to their lairs. But Europe gave no aid to the heretical capital; the Greeks were odious and contemptible to all the Latin races; theological ardor sharpened the unhappy controversy that left to perish utterly the rare treasures of the Byzantine libraries and palaces, the gems, statues, bronzes, furniture, vases, cups; and national jealousy doomed the last Roman city to destruction.

For forty days the anxious Greeks, shut up within their walls, had heard the incessant roar of the Turkish guns, the shouts of the assailants, and the heroic cries of their own gallant soldiers and sailors; the walls had slowly crumbled away, the ditch was filled up, the tower of St. Romanus had fallen, a broad breach was formed in the powerful defenses, and the Emperor Constantine foresaw that the final assault must soon be made. The monstrous cannon dragged from Adrianople by a slow labor of two months,[2] with its two fellows of nearly equal size, had torn away the strongest stone-work and opened a passage for the Turk. Constantine knew that in valor alone lay the last hope of his country and his crown. In the gloom of night, on the 29th of May, 1453, he summoned to the palace his foreign or native commanders, and painted the duty and the danger of the hour. Around him, no doubt, were his friend the Spaniard Toledo, the brave John Justiniani, Contarini the Venetian, Jerome and Leonard the Genoese, Lucas Notaras, half traitor, half sycophant, Phranza the faithful, and a mournful group of officers of rank who knew all the peril of the scene. "I deliver, I commend to you, Romans," he said, "this illustrious capital of our country, queen of cities. Remember that you are civilized men fighting against wild beasts; that they will fly before you in countless numbers if you are but brave." He addressed each nation among his foreign auxiliaries with appropriate words; he paused one moment in his ancestral palace; he prayed in St. Sophia. The soldiers embraced with tears, and went to their stations on the ruined walls. It was the faint gray of morning when Phranza[3] and the Emperor arrived at the breach, but already they could hear the low sounds of the immense Turkish host as it moved onward by sea and land. John Justiniani seems to have held the chief command. Two thousand foreign soldiers and possibly five thousand Romans, as they still called themselves, held the long line of defense against two hundred thousand of the foe; the disparity could no longer be concealed; despair or treachery divided the enfeebled garrison, and the last Constantine could scarcely trust the men upon whom he was forced to place his hopes of safety.

Mohammed II., the "tyrant" of the Greeks, was only twenty-three years old—a savage, a monster, yet learned and studious, the master of many languages, it is said, and familiar with the literature of the East. He drove on his unhappy soldiers like sheep to the shambles; he resolved to wear out the Greeks with the number of the slain; the Turkish dead covered the ditch and the fallen walls; the Greeks and the strangers fought with unfailing valor. But Mohammed, starting up, let loose his chosen band of Janizaries, and drove them fiercely on the breach. John Justiniani, wounded, disheartened, turned at last, and in spite of the memorable remonstrances of Constantine, fled to the city. His soldiers followed him; the enemy observed the disorder, and the attack was pressed anew. A huge Janizary scaled the breach, but was thrown back; others followed; they crossed the wall; the Greeks, weary and hopeless, fought around their Emperor until he sank beneath a heap of dead. They were driven in a thick crowd, in which many perished, through the narrow gateways; the savage Turks—wild beasts of the steppes—broke into the civilized city.

It was the last time in Europe that the most horrible practice of warfare was to be exerted, when men, women, children, were sold into slavery, and possibly the cruelty of the Turk may have instructed the conscience of mankind. All day and all night throughout the dreadful sack the citizens were torn from their most secret retreats, bound together with thongs or chains, and sold to the highest bidder. The wealth of the monasteries and the palaces was found to be great, the hoards of gold and silver concealed by the traitor Grand Duke Lucas Notaras enriched his country's enemies. When the Turks broke into the breach, Phranza relates, each soldier and noble ran in haste back to the city to protect and console his family. But what protection could the noblest, the most powerful, give? Constantine was dead beneath a heap of the slain; the savage beasts he had defied were masters of his capital; it is said that in some distant quarter of the city the people refused for some time to believe that it had fallen, and were even awakened from their tranquil sleep by the shouts of the blood-stained Janizaries. But the chief loss to the world in this memorable sack was that of the libraries and the works of art. The scholar learns with envy and regret that a copy of a perfect Plato and a perfect Aristotle might be had for a single piece of silver; the antiquarian, that shiploads of rare articles of taste were carried away to be sold to the savages of the East.

One may almost hear beneath the fair dome of St. Sophia the cries of the timid multitude who fled in their despair to its precincts, and closing the weighty doors, looked for an angel to shield them from their foes. But the axe of the Janizary clove open the frail protection, and the miserable Greeks were given over to the rage of the nomad horde. Mohammed repeopled the deserted city. He was fond of poetry, and repeated some appropriate lines as he entered the silent palace of the Cæsars. Nor have the fanciful and languid Turks ever felt wholly secure amidst the splendors of their unrivalled conquest. They seem always to have looked uneasily for the return of the avenging Christians. The Golden Gate was still walled up, lest through its crumbling portals a new Constantine might lead the triumphant march of the ancient possessors of the city. In the gallery of the Church of St. Sophia a marble door is shown that no human power, the Turks believe, can open. Behind it, the legend relates, is a chamber in which sits a bishop, clad in his robes, reading a book too sacred for Moslem eyes to rest upon. At the taking of the city he was celebrating mass at the high altar, escaped unseen, and hid in his mysterious retreat. Here he will sit until the Christian armies have redeemed the sacred shrine. Then the door will roll open, the bishop come from his secret chamber, and once more celebrate mass at the high altar of St. Sophia. These legends show the dim foreboding of the nomad race that their conquest was not to be perpetual, and the time seems nearly come when a new Constantine may pass in triumph through the crumbling ruins of the Golden Gate.

Pity for the suffering Turks and a confident trust in the humanity of the Russians is the latest sentiment awakened by this fearful war. But we may hope with Mr. Bryce that on the magnificent site of the Greek city—the possession of the world—a new centre of commerce and civilization may arise, that its rare advantages may no longer be lost in barbarous isolation, that a just government and a tolerant rule may cover with endless prosperity the ancient capital of the East.

Eugene Lawrence.

[1] *Constantinople.* By James Bryce, author of *The Holy Roman Empire.* New York: Harper & Brothers. 1878.

[2] Phranza, 3, 6. Ego ipse in potestatem his tum veni, et omnes calamitates et mala servitutis expertus. Gibbon, vi., c. 68, and Von Hammer, i., 514, who criticises Gibbon, condense the story.

[3] The picture is drawn by Ducas, cap. xxxix., p. 291: τότε ἐδεσμειτο δούλη σὺν τῇ κυρίᾳ δεσπότης σὺν τῷ αργυρωνητῳ ἀρχιμανδρίτης σὺν τῷ θυρωρῷ. One may imagine the noble and his slave, the bishop and his sexton, tied together and sold in the market.

[1] See Byzantine Μέλεται, by A. G. Paspatta: Constant. 1877. A careful examination of the archæology of the city.

[2] Chalcondyles, ch. viii. It was drawn by seventy yoke of bullocks, aided by two thousand men, yet its range was only a single mile.

[3] Phranza, iii., 6. Stellæ in cœlo micare cessarunt. It was no doubt a soft summer morning.

MR. CHARLES READE'S BICEPS.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—In your issue of the 2d inst. Mr. Charles Reade, in his very interesting "Letter III." on "The Coming Man," says, "I declare that the grandest effort of the biceps muscle is done by the left arm," and asks your readers to tell him to what he alludes. In "Letter IV.," in this week's paper, he calls attention to the above statement and invitation, and, after adding that he gets no reply, states the answer thus: "Well, then, the greatest effort of the human arm is the knock-down blow of the pugilist, for here is combined the greatest force with extreme swiftness, since the opponent is guarded, skillful, and evasive as a shadow." To sustain this position he introduces one witness—Mr. E. Smith—who, as a great prize-fight referee, has often been admirably placed to know, and, in a running sketch of many well-known battles, shows that the left arm made the fighting and did the heavy work. But has not Mr. Reade fallen into an error in crediting all this hard hitting to the biceps muscle? Just how does the fact that the left fist, and not the right, did the work, prove that it was the biceps muscle which moved the fist? Mr. Smith does not touch on this point at all, and no other evidence is offered. Perhaps the answer sought would have come sooner had this been made clear. Meanwhile, laying the anatomical bearing of the question quite aside, is there not an easy and simple solution of the matter—one quite within the reach of all? Let him or any one stand before a man or a saw-dust bag, and, striking away with his left as hard as he can, keep at it until he can not deliver another blow. Either immediately, or certainly next morning on rising, he will have most direct evidence—internal evidence he might call it—as to which muscles had been put to this unusual and violent exertion. Instead of a biceps stiff, lame, or sore, he will find the back of the upper arm—the triceps or extensor muscle—the suffering part. Should he wish to bring out the fact yet more clearly, let him now hit out sharply again, and the pain in the triceps will tell the story, and he will realize why it is called extensor, while he will not think of his biceps at all, hardly more, for instance, than he does of the other arm, which was not in action. Had Mr. Reade examined Heenan's upper arm when the latter struck the blow which is said to have lifted 370 pounds off the floor, he would have found, as he will find if he examines Mace's, or Goss's, or any other very hard hitter's arm to-day, that the triceps is heavily developed. The published reports as to the girth of Heenan's upper arm, for instance, make it thirteen and a half inches, down—that is, with the whole arm straight, not bent—which is larger than most arms are even when bent, or with the fist drawn up near the shoulder.

But something more than arm-power is needed for a "knock-down blow." Watch Morrissey, or any one good at it, as he hits, and the entire trunk, but especially the striking shoulder, will be seen to sway, first quickly back, then sharply forward, just as the blow is struck, uniting all its weight with the muscular force of the arm in driving the fist home. Hold the body rigidly erect and perfectly still, and strike as hard as possible, using the arm alone, and it will soon appear what a weighty factor the body is in heavy hitting. In Mr. Reade's description of Heenan's terrible blow which knocked King "out of time," he unwittingly points out how the force may be even yet augmented, for he says he "took a spring, and knocked his opponent into the air, so that, in falling, his head struck the ground first." Here, instead of the trunk only, the entire weight of the man, aided by a sharp spring, all added to the momentum of the unerring fist. To turn now to the biceps muscle. Standing erect, let any one take, say, a fifty-pound dumb-bell, or a hod of coal, or other convenient weight, and raise it half-way to his shoulder—technically, "curl" it—meanwhile placing the other hand on the biceps of the arm in action. Now he will find what the biceps muscle is for, and the arm which can lift the heaviest weight in this way—curl the heaviest dumb-bell, for example—will produce "the grandest effort of the biceps muscle," while this time the triceps is at rest.

But while differing with Mr. Reade as to the part the biceps muscle takes in striking a blow, I am heartily glad that in his vigorous and uncommonly entertaining way he has struck a telling blow in the interest of equal development for all the members. It is no more certain, because in boxing the usual plan of keeping the left foot to the front brings the left arm the most and heaviest work to do, that it gradually becomes fit to do it, than it is (as he quotes from Farini, recommended to him as "the highest authority in Europe"—an American, by-the-way, from Buffalo, really named Hunt) that steady, judicious daily work in any direction with neglected muscles will gradually bring them up to and even make them stronger than their at present stronger and shapelier rivals. The fact that equal, symmetrical development is so rare, more so, for instance, than are persons who can write with either hand, which ability Mr. Reade characterizes as "remarkable," but which the writer has frequently seen, himself being able to readily do 1500 words to the hour legibly with either hand, simply brings out all the more plainly how imperfectly the full and harmonious development of the human body is understood, or at least practiced, among us, by either sex, even by the most favored of our people, and how wide the field is for improvement—a matter which our educators can not much longer afford to neglect. Yours sincerely,

William Blaikie.

New York, *February* 22, 1878.

AN ARTIFICIAL LARYNX.

The London *Pall Mall Gazette* gives the following interesting account of a delicate surgical operation: "A French surgeon suggested, some twenty years ago, the possibility of removing the larynx, or organ of voice, in cases of malignant disease. Some years later a German physiologist proved by experiments upon dogs that the operation could be successfully performed, and in 1873 it was performed by Billroth upon a man suffering from cancer. He recovered; and the operation has since been repeated ten times in different parts of the Continent with varying results. But this is not all; for the speech of the mutilated people saved from the disease has been restored by artificial means.

"In September of last year, Dr. Foulis, of Glasgow, found himself under the necessity of proposing the complete extirpation of the larynx to one of his patients. The man consented, chiefly with the view of escaping the lingering death which threatened him, but lured also by the possibility of replacing his diseased and mute organ by an instrument which would serve him for speaking. It was accordingly done for the first time in this country; and now, at the end of four months, a fair share of health has been regained, the windpipe and other parts implicated have healed so as to admit of the introduction of voice tubes, and the man has been shown at the university and before some of the scientific societies of Glasgow, where the professors and others were enabled to satisfy themselves of the reality of his speaking powers.

"The apparatus used was made at Glasgow, and is a modification of that of Gussenbauer. For the sake of easy adjustment it consists of two tubes, which are placed in the wound separately, and fitted to each other by slipping the lower a little way into the upper one. A frame-work holding a vibrating reed is passed into a hole in the front of this tube, like a drawer into its grooves. When pushed home, the reed plate

slopes downward, and the current of air from the lungs, impinging upon its free end, throws it into vibration. A continuous musical note is thus produced, which becomes modulated into vowels, consonants, and words by the action of the mouth. All the reeds remain silent in ordinary breathing. But the voluntary articulation with this apparatus is reported to be wonderful. Except for the monotony, it can not be distinguished from the natural voice. The vowels are perfectly clear and distinct, both in whispering with the reed out and in intoning with the reed in the tube, proving that the vowels are the product of changes in the shape of the mouth cavity, and not formed by alterations of the glottis.

"The question of the reeds to be used was one of much interest. That in the German instrument was made of thin German-silver plate, and the first tried in Glasgow was of brass. Experiments have shown that many other materials, such as ivory, horn, cane, silver, or steel, will answer the purpose, and the patient, who is an ingenious mechanic, amuses himself in fitting them up. He has thus a variety of voices at command, and with one of his reeds made of vulcanite can positively roar. The softest and most natural notes are given by the non-metallic reeds. But the richest tone of all comes from a reed composed of an alloy of silver and brass; and it is the favorite with the patient, owing to the ease with which it is vibrated. There is at present no sign of the return of the disease."

LOST IN THE SNOW.

Our illustration on page 216 is founded on an incident that occurred last winter near Kingston, Canada. On a very stormy day an Indian with his squaw, the latter bearing a young papoose on her back, while crossing a sparsely settled stretch of country, became bewildered by the blinding snow, and lost their way. It was near sunset, and the cold was intense. After wandering for a long time, vainly endeavoring to find the road, the poor woman, weary with walking and benumbed with cold, sank down in the snow and fell asleep. Her husband shouted for assistance, but obtained no answer; they were evidently far from any human habitation. At last he started off alone, in the hope of finding succor, leaving the woman and her child asleep in the snow. Nearly dead with cold and fatigue, he at length came to a farm-house, roused the inmates, and induced them to go back with him to the place where his wife and child were lying.

The falling snow had nearly buried them under a white mound, and although the little papoose was warm and asleep in its cozy wrappings, the mother was almost dead. She was taken to the farm-house and tenderly cared for by the kind and hospitable family; but she lingered a few days only, and died from the effects of long exposure and fatigue. The Indian remained a few days after her death, and then suddenly disappeared, leaving the papoose in the care of its rescuers. They kept it until the following summer, when the father came back and took it away.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

MARCH.

Sunday, 17.—Second Sunday in Lent.
Sunday, 24.—Third Sunday in Lent.
Monday, 25.—Annunciation B.V.M.
Sunday, 31.—Fourth Sunday in Lent.

The discussion of the doctrine of eternal punishment has reached the staid and hitherto wholly secular *North American Review*. In the number for March eminent theologians of various schools present statements of the belief held by them. Dr. Noah Porter, Dr. Bellows, Father Preston, the Rev. O. B. Frothingham, and Dr. Sawyer, find themselves in juxtaposition. The pulpit discourses on this theme recently delivered would fill a large volume. It is a very noticeable fact that the discussion has been wholly good-tempered. Mr. Ingersoll has been denunciatory, and has provoked retaliation. This has, however, been an exceptional incident. The largest liberty of opinion has been conceded on all sides. Both the speculative and the exegetical lines of thought have been followed, and with good results.

The fact that a church debt paying movement goes forward with increasing energy is evidence that there is some money still left in the hands of good people. The Church of the Holy Trinity, of which the Rev. Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, Jun., is pastor, have completed the task of raising $200,000 to clear off the mortgages on their entire property, including parsonage and chapel. The pastor has pledged $40,000 of the entire amount. On the 24th of February the last $20,000 needed was secured. Dr. Marvin R. Vincent on the same day announced that $35,000, required to free the Church of the Covenant, in Park Avenue, had been pledged. On the Sunday preceding Dr. Armitage's Fifth Avenue Baptist congregation raised $30,000, and Dr. Talmage's Tabernacle congregation $42,000. Similar successful achievements in the interior of the country are recorded.

It is quite customary to ridicule efforts for the conversion of Jews to the Christian faith. Certainly the attempt to make the Jewish people Christians while they are kept under civil disabilities by Christian governments has a ludicrous aspect. This inconsistency is, however, rapidly passing away. It appears from statements made in the *English Independent* that there are already between 50,000 and 60,000 Jewish Christians in Great Britain, of whom 130 are clergymen of the Established Church.

Recent cable dispatches inform us that the new Pope, Leo XIII., will not be as liberal as Cardinal Pecci was reputed to be. It will be well to remember that in the present situation of the papacy a liberal Pope is an impossibility. Surrounded by the influences of the Jesuit Society, he can only continue the policy dictated by that society to his predecessor. The election of Leo XIII. may have been a surprise to many, for his appointment as Chamberlain of the Roman Church was thought to remove him from the number of candidates for the succession; but no matter what the circumstances of his elevation, he must succumb to the pressure which the omnipotent Society of Jesus can put upon him.

A Methodist Episcopal bishop, Dr. Merrill, has had an interview with President Diaz, of Mexico, and reports him to be fully committed to the principle of religious toleration. President Diaz expressed "the belief that freedom of worship is essential to the progress of religion."

The consolidation of the American Tract Society of Boston and the American Tract Society of New York is now an accomplished fact. The New York society assumes the financial obligations of its Boston namesake, and receives a large amount of stereotype plates, some of them valuable. The Boston society had not prospered of late years. Thus another of the breaches made by the long slavery debate is now closed.

The education of the Southern freedmen has developed one visible result, which will be hailed with satisfaction. On the 23d of February four of its graduates sailed from New York as missionaries to Western Africa. The call for a reenforcement to the Mendi Mission was made at the university February 8, and fifteen days after the four were upon their voyage. The two ministers of the party, the Rev. Albert Miller and the Rev. Andrew E. Jackson, were considered by the faculty young men of especial promise. They are fine illustrations of the virtue there is in self-help. Jackson was in the army, and entered the university in 1869. Fighting his way courageously with poverty, he earned enough by teaching school to secure his education. His wife, who accompanies him, was one of the Jubilee Singers. Miller began to go to school in 1868, and has also supported himself by teaching. Both of these young men took newly married wives with them.

The Rev. Dr. Alexander Burgess, of Springfield, Massachusetts, has been elected bishop of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Quincy, Illinois. There were forty-four ballots; the last gave Dr. Burgess 7 votes, to 3 for the Rev. Cyrus F. Knight, of Lebanon, Pennsylvania, and 2 for the Rev. Cortlandt Whitehead, of South Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. The confirmatory lay vote was 10 to 5.

The anti-confessional memorial to the Queen of England had received up to the middle of January 360,000 signatures. As a rule the petitioners are Churchmen, although it is claimed by the confessional party that the names of Nonconformists appear among the signatures.

The Albright Methodists, whose proper name is the "Evangelical Association," report for this year 18 Annual Conferences, 828 itinerant preachers, 105,013 members, and 1354 churches, valued at $3,233,971. The increase for the year was 5000 members.

Dr. Reynolds, the leader of the red-ribbon temperance movement, is having great success in Chicago. There are 2800 drinking saloons in that city.

The number of native Christians in India, according to the Missionary Directory, just issued from Lucknow, is 266,931, an increase of 42,131 in four years. The number of communicants is much smaller—68,869. A list is also given in the Directory of 960 missionaries and native preachers, all stationed in India. In addition, there are 116 ladies, missionaries commissioned by the women's societies for the promotion of Christian missions.

One of the old-time Abolitionists—William Goodell—has just passed away, leaving behind him a fragrant memory. He was born in Chenango County, New York, 1792, and was at one time during his business career a member of the firm of Phelps, Peck, & Co., afterward Phelps, Dodge, & Co., of this city. He has the credit of publishing, in 1827, the first antislavery paper issued in this country—the *Weekly Investigator*, of Providence. It was in 1829 united with the *Emancipator*, of Boston. In 1843 he became pastor of a Reform church at Honeoye, New York. Among his writings, the *Democracy of Christianity* is best known.

About one-half the sum of $60,000 required for the relief of the Southern Methodist Publishing House, at Nashville, has been secured. The agent states that this money "has afforded great relief, while the pledges made by the Annual Conferences to raise and remit the remainder of their assessment within the next sixty days have in great measure restored the Publishing House to confidence in commercial circles."

The efforts of the Old Catholic leaders to ward off the question of the compulsory celibacy of the clergy have proved unavailing, and it is clear that the Church will divide into two parties, the one favoring and the other opposing that reform. A schism is feared, for already several priests have entered into marriage, and will ask to be retained in their pastoral positions. If they are retained, others will secede. Baden and Eastern Prussia favor priestly marriage, while the Rhine Province and Westphalia are bitterly opposed.

It becomes clear that the Old Catholic chief, Dr. Döllinger, has never contemplated a permanent separation from the Roman Catholic Church. He now describes his attitude as one of protest, and wishes it to remain such. An American thus describes a recent interview with Professor Friedrichs, of Munich, Dr. Döllinger's associate: "Did he hope that Rome would yield her point? Yes, he hoped it. Did he expect it? Yes, he expected it. Schroeder, the Jesuit, had declared Pius liable to condemnation as a heretic, or at least as a usurper. He (Friedrichs) hoped that the day would come when he would be condemned with Honorius, and with him the late Council." It is not disrespectful to these scholars to say that men who hold such views are dreamers. And should the Old Catholic movement keep within the bounds which they have assigned to it, it will be one of the most lamentable failures of the century.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Never was there a more dismal holiday than that endured by the disappointed populace of New York and vicinity on the last anniversary of Washington's Birthday. Heavy rain, driving wind, fog, deserted streets, and a limited number of drenched flags and banners marked a day long to be remembered, not for its festivities, but for its extraordinary storm. Many disastrous shipwrecks occurred along the coast, and much damage was done to shipping. The fierce storm ended in dense fog, which prevailed throughout the following day. Two collisions involving loss of life occurred in the waters around New York—one in the bay, the other in the North River. And in the thickness of the fog it is wonderful that hundreds of lives, instead of but two, were not sacrificed as a result of these disasters. The first collision was in the morning, between the National Line steamer *Spain*, outward bound, and the Staten Island ferry-boat *Castleton*, the latter having on board about three hundred passengers. When the proximity of the two vessels was discerned through the fog, the prompt orders of the commanders averted a more fearful calamity. As it was, the iron prow of the *Spain* tore away a portion of the boat, causing great damage, a panic among the passengers, and the death of one person. Early that same evening the ferry-boat *James Fisk*, on her trip from Twenty-third Street, North River, to Pavonia, collided with a schooner lying at anchor, one man being instantly killed and many injured. As there were over six hundred passengers on the ferry-boat, imagination can scarcely picture the horrible calamity which was barely averted.

Various preparations of a general nature are going on in Paris in view of the approaching Exhibition. Among other things the barracks of the troops are being cleansed, painted, and embellished. The largest of all the barracks in Paris is the École Militaire, in which 5800 men and 800 horses can be quartered. Altogether it is estimated that a garrison of over 50,000 men can be easily accommodated in the permanent barracks of Paris and in the detached forts which surround the town.

At a recent matinée performance in one of the theatres in this city it was reported that there were fully four thousand persons in attendance, the greater proportion of whom were boys. So great was the crush in one of the galleries that a young lad fainted, and immediately a panic ensued. Fortunately the manager of the theatre had the presence of mind to force his way among the boys, and quieted them, but not before several others had fainted. What *might* have resulted in such an audience, had the attempt to quell the panic been unsuccessful, is fearful to contemplate.

Cremation has again been brought before the public by the incineration of Mrs. Jane Pitman in the crematory of Dr. Lemoyne, at Washington, Pennsylvania. This second cremation in Washington, which took place about the middle of February, has revived much of the feeling manifested at the time Baron de Palm's body was burned. It is said that in Washington public opinion is strongly against this mode of disposing of the dead. This may be in part due to the fact that in both cases the persons whose bodies were burned ignored Christianity, and the rite was performed without any religious service. The burning of a human body, without customary and fitting solemnity and the usual religious ceremonies, impresses most persons as heartless and unsuitable.

The *Supply* has sailed from the Brooklyn Navy-yard and the *Constitution* from Philadelphia, both with consignments of goods for the Paris Exhibition. The *Portsmouth* and *Wyoming* will take the remainder of the exhibits from this port.

There are in Constantinople two thousand public baths. New York and many other cities of America might copy this feature of a Turkish town, and be the better for it.

Sitting Bull and his adherents are reported to be in a peaceful frame of mind. They say that they are tired of war and blood, and that they desire to remain quiet subjects of the Queen of England, and promise not to cross the border line.

After an "investigation" which occupied fully four weeks, the jury of inquest on the Tariffville disaster were unable to agree on a verdict. A majority of eight, however, pronounce the bridge at the time of the accident to have been dangerously weak and defective, and censure the railway company for allowing it to be used when unsound.

The business of blasting needs revision. An immense piece of rock weighing something like three thousand pounds was recently thrown, by a blast in an adjoining lot, against the second-story wall of a house in Harlem. A great hole was torn in the wall, bricks and mortar being scattered through a room, whose occupants received a most violent shock. That they were not killed instantly seems due to the fortunate circumstance that the rock had spent its force, and fell outside instead of going through the apartment. In extenuation of this "accident" it is said that the blast had "been fully protected in accordance with law." Any construction of the law which allows the possibility of such "accidents" is doubtless absurd. If it is not, the law should be remodelled forthwith.

A communication from Mr. W. C. Prime, one of the trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in reference to the Castellani Collection, recently appeared in the New York *Tribune*. It was elicited from him in consequence of some misstatements or misapprehensions of facts in regard to that collection, and the "true history," briefly told in a few lines, may be of interest to our readers. There are two collections, one of ancient objects, the other of modern potteries. The Museum of Art secured the loan of both, the owner understanding that an effort would be made to purchase them. The price was $300,000 for both, or one-half that sum for the potteries. The potteries consist of 340 pieces, of which some 300 are good specimens, of no extraordinary value. Among the rest are some very rare pieces of the highest character. As a whole, the collection is fine, and one which would have been a grand acquisition to the Museum. Its chief value is in its specimens of Gubbio lustres, in which it is remarkably rich. Perhaps no finer collection of these wares exists. The owner of the Castellani Collection is not only a gentleman of taste and art education, but a Roman merchant, and made this collection for sale. The trustees of the Museum agreed that the Italian potteries were the most desirable for the Museum, but it was manifest to them that the price was too high. An earnest effort was made to raise the money, it being believed that after a while the owner would name a more reasonable sum. The effort was in vain, as was also a later appeal to the public. Meanwhile the value of the decorated pottery had been carefully estimated by qualified persons, and they agreed with experts in England who had valued the collection at a price far below that asked by the owner. It appears, also, that the owner gave directions that in case it was reshipped to Europe, the *entire* collection should be insured for only $80,000—a fact which speaks for itself.

Our city seems to lack the ability to secure decently clean streets. Amid contentions as to the best way to do the work the time passes away, and nothing is accomplished worth mentioning, except that plenty of money is expended. When will good common-sense, instead of political considerations, save our city from impending danger of pestilence?

A lad named William Rooney, sixteen years old, and in the service of the American District Telegraph Company, recently received a gold medal from his employers in recognition of his services in effecting the capture of two noted swindlers. Two men belonging to a band of forgers had a method of sending a forged check in payment for purchased goods—the check being larger than for the amount due—and receiving the change by a District Telegraph boy. Young William being made the messenger, suspected something wrong, and by his shrewdness they were arrested. The presentation was witnessed by about one hundred and fifty lads engaged in various offices in the city, and was an occasion likely to be long remembered by them. It was the first medal presented, but the company propose to establish a medal fund.

The Louvre is to be put in thorough repair before the Exhibition of 1878, at a cost of about $30,000.

There has been an abundant harvest of ice, notwithstanding the mild winter. As an exchange remarks, "It is time the periodical howl of the icemen should cease."

The Commissioners of the Yellowstone Park desire to make arrangements for the protection of the natural curiosities in that park from further depredations by hunters and tourists, and for their permanent preservation. Hence they have recommended that the superintendent of the park be a salaried officer, with certain judicial powers.

An exchange is of the opinion that the average woman who "walks the floor" of her own room night after night with a crying child, and then attends to her ordinary housekeeping each day, keeping up the physical strain and the mental anxiety attendant upon the cares of her household and of ailing babies for many days and weeks together, is, perhaps, quite as much of a heroine as any famous pedestrienne, so far as courage, physical endurance, and energy are concerned.

The natives of Alaska earnestly desire schools. Last summer Dr. Jackson, a missionary under the direction of the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions, visited Alaska, and established at Fort Wrangell a school, which now has an average attendance of sixty or seventy. Some of the adult pupils come from distant places for the purpose of attending this school, and all evince an earnest desire for knowledge. A school has been opened at Sitka, and another is about commencing at St. Paul. Others are needed.

A new method of courtship has been developed at Prairie Grove, Texas. A young gentleman proposed to his lady-love, but was gently refused. A second and third attempt brought only the same result. So one day he went to her home and told her he would neither eat, sleep, nor speak until she consented to become his bride. She invited him to dinner; he shook his head. She talked; he looked dejected. Later she requested him to take supper; a negative shake of the head was the only reply. She played, sang, and chatted till bed-time, when a servant offered to show him a room; a negative shake. The lady tripped away to her chamber; he sat with quiet determination. About twelve o'clock she came back and said, "I don't wish to cause the death of a good officer, so I will marry you." The released one arose, and, with much earnestness, said, "My dear, have you any cold victuals on hand?"

An experienced fireman sends some valuable suggestions to the Portland *Press*, from which we quote:

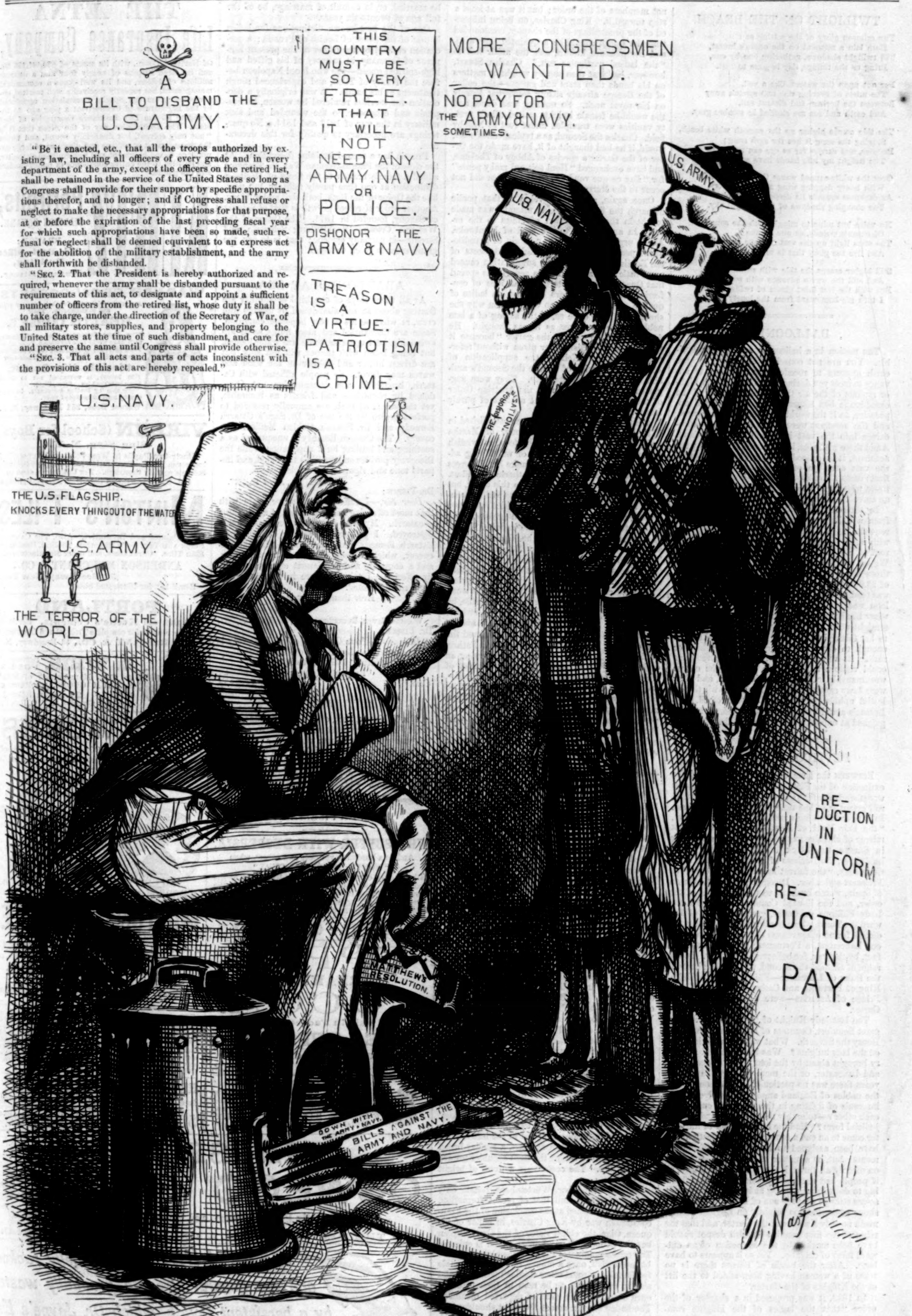
"One gallon of water at the bottom of a fire will do more to quench it than ten gallons at the top. Play low is the true motto for the fireman. To play on the roof of a house on fire is to waste water; the roof was made to shed water. A few gallons at the bottom of the fire will rise in clouds of steam wherever the fire is rising, and will quench it."

There is an effective police force of about 7700 persons employed in the task of maintaining order in Paris. And it is estimated that not far from 50,000 persons are employed in one way or another by the prefecture of police.

Constantinople has the reputation of having been besieged more times than any other city in the world—in all twenty-three times, although taken only six times.

A singular remedy for hydrophobia is used in certain districts of Russia, where the disease is very prevalent. This remedy is the *rose-beetle*. The people search carefully in the spring for the larvæ of this insect, put them in earthen jars with the earth in which they are found, and when the metamorphosis takes place they kill the beetles and dry them. The powder must be kept hermetically sealed. Some persons preserve the beetles in sealed jars, and reduce to powder only when wanted. It is said that three beetles, powdered and spread on bread and butter, is the dose for an adult, given immediately after the bite; one for a child; but five to a person in whom the disease has declared itself. The effect is usually to produce a long sleep, which sometimes lasts thirty-six hours, and which must not on any account be interrupted. The patient on waking is pronounced cured, but the bite is also always treated surgically. Beetles caught on flowers are not so beneficial; they must be secured in the larva stage, and killed directly after the change. The Russians in several of the governorships toward the south always give their dogs from time to time half a rose-beetle on a little bread as a preventive.

LOST IN THE SNOW—A CANADIAN SKETCH.—DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE.—[SEE PAGE 215.]



SMASHING AND TINKERING.

U. S. "You are not getting tired of this?"

TWILIGHT ON THE BEACH.

The crimson glory of the setting sun
  Hath lain a moment on the ocean's breast,
Till twilight shadows, gathering one by one,
  Bring us the tidings, day is gone to rest.

Far out upon the waters, like a veil,
  The mists of evening rise and stretch away
Between the horizon and distant sail,
  And earth and sea are clothed in sombre gray.

The tide comes higher up the smooth white beach,
  Singing the song it has for ages sung;
Recedes, and carries far as eye can reach
  The freight my idle hands have seaward flung.

Over the white-capped waves the sea-gulls soar,
  With heavy flapping wing and restless cry,
As darkness spreads its deeper mantle o'er
  The changing shadows of the twilight sky.

No voice but mine to mingle with the sound
  Of ocean's melody, as one by one
The stars light up the vast concave around,
  And live the glory that is *never* done.

Still higher creeps the tide with subtle power,
  And still the waves advance with sullen roar,
But with the last faint gleam of twilight hour
  I turn me homeward from the lonely shore.

BALLOONING.

The motion in a balloon is scarcely perceptible. You are not conscious of rising; but the earth appears to recede from you, and to advance to meet you during a descent. In the higher regions of the air the intense solitude of the cloud-scape has something in it awful and oppressive, as if the world were left behind forever, and the aeronaut were about to launch chance-driven into the vast infinitude of shadow-land. Amid these altitudes, if any sound is made by the aeronaut, it is echoed back in ghostly tones by the vast envelope of the balloon, which as it floats casts a shadow sometimes black and sometimes white, but which is usually surrounded by an aureole or halo more or less distinctly marked.

In throwing out ballast or any small article from a balloon a certain degree of caution is requisite, as a bottle or any similar object falls with such velocity that if it were to strike the roof of a cottage it would go right through it. We are told that Gay-Lussac in an ascent in 1804 threw out a common deal chair from the height of 23,000 feet. It fell beside a country girl who was tending some sheep in a field, and as the balloon was invisible, she concluded—and so did wiser heads than hers—that the chair had fallen straight down from heaven, a gift of the Virgin to her faithful followers. No one was skeptical enough to deny it, for there was the chair, or rather its remains. The most the incredulous could venture to do was to criticise the coarse workmanship of the miraculous seat, and they were busy carping and fault-finding with the celestial upholstery when an account of M. Gay-Lussac's aerial voyage was published, and extinguished at once the discussion and the miracle.

PETTICOAT KNIGHTS.

Between the time of John of Gaunt and the extinction of the Plantagenets many noble ladies were members of the Order of the Garter. The first roll extant is of the time of Richard the Second. In it figure the king's mother, Joan Plantagenet, "the Fair Maid of Kent"—the widow of that mirror of chivalry and greatest mercenary soldier in Europe, the Black Prince—and the king's half-sister, the Duchess of Brittany and the Lady Courtenay, "the fairest lady in all England," as Froissart styles her. It comprises also the Queen of Spain, whose husband was not a knight of the order, and the ill-used Countess of Oxford, the Lady Philippa de Coucy, granddaughter of Edward the Third, whom her husband De Vere repudiated, for no other reason than his wish to marry one Lancerona, a Portuguese girl—an awkward fact, by-the-way, for believers in chivalry. In the reign of Richard the Second, the two daughters of the Duke of Lancaster—Philippa, wife of John, King of Portugal, and Catherine, wife of Henry, Prince of Asturias—were also Knights of the Garter.

The last lady Knight of the Garter was Margaret Beaufort, Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry the Seventh. What was it that extinguished the lady knights? Was it the general savagery brought about by the long fight between York and Lancaster, or the mere fact that for many years there was no particular king or court; and the nobles of England amused themselves in the intervals of fighting in the field with cutting off each other's—tolerably thick—heads under some judicial form? Had the female Order of the Garter come to an end a century later, its death might have been assigned to the cessation of tournaments; but, as a matter of fact, the jousts went on merrily all through the Wars of the Roses, as if people had not enough genuine serious fighting to do without playing at it at odd times. It seems strange that the sun of York, whose beams shone somewhat too brightly on English beauty, made no lady Knights of the Garter, and that the reign of the first genuine English despot should have been marked by the extinction of an outward form of chivalry. Yet so it appears to have been. After the battle of Barnet there is no trace of a woman having been added to the list of the Knights of the Garter.

In 1638, it was proposed in a chapter of the order "that the ladies of the knights companions might have the privilege of wearing a garter about their arms, and an upper robe at festival times, according to ancient usage." This was hardly a revival of the original custom, according to which we have seen that ladies might wear the garter, although their husbands were not members of the order; but it was at least a step toward it. King Charles, on being informed of the proceedings of the chapter, commanded that the queen should be acquainted therewith, and her pleasure known, and the affair left to "the ladies' particular suit." Charles Stuart, however, had just then sundry weightier matters on his hands than stars and garters—the collar of the George already sitting somewhat loosely on his royal neck. So nothing was done, and the would-be female knights waited till all pretty vanities were trampled under foot at Naseby field. Charles the Second, as a typical ladies' man, would, if he had thought of it, have made the Order of the Garter a species of Abbey of Theleme, and have exchanged "Honi soit qui mal y pense" for "Fay ce que voudras;" but the idea did not occur to the Merry Monarch.

Once again, and in the reign of that poetic monarch the first George, an attempt was made to obtain the re-admission of ladies to the order. In an address to the Earl of Pembroke, Anstis urged their claim in a strain of grandiloquent penny-a-lining delightful to students of the English language. This supplication caused some little talk, and in 1731 a report was spread that Queen Caroline entertained an idea of conferring degrees and stars of honor on ladies of quality. There appears no valid reason why she should not have done so, if the saying of a late nobleman be as clever as it was thought. He declared that he coveted the garter "because it was the only English order given without reference to merit." Neither the supplication of Anstis nor the wish of George the Second's amiable queen was spontaneous. They were suggested by the foundation of the Austrian Order of the Starry Cross, the most ancient of purely feminine orders of chivalry.

A Russian order for women was established in 1714 by the Czar Peter, in honor of Martha Rabe, a Livonian woman, the wife of a Swedish dragoon, who, after a variety of unedifying adventures, induced the Czar to make her Empress of Russia, under the name of Catherine the First. Originally men were received into this order, but at a later period the decoration was strictly confined to ladies. The order is divided into two classes, the number of the grand crosses being limited to the princesses of the imperial family, and twelve noble ladies of the highest Russian aristocracy. This order has, within a few years, been conferred on three English princesses—the Princess Helena, the Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), and the Princess Beatrice. The grand cross, adorned with diamonds, is worn across the right shoulder toward the left side, by a broad poppy-red ribbon with silver stripes. This ribbon was formerly blue—but *souvent femme varie*. On the ribbon is embroidered the equivalent in Russian for "For Love and Fatherland." The reverse is very curious, showing an eyrie at the top of an old tower, at the foot of which two eagles, with serpents in their beaks, are seen in the act of carrying them up as food for their young. Above are the words, "Æquat munia comparis," in allusion to the services rendered by the young Catherine to the much older Peter. The costume consists of silver stuff with gold embroidery, and with hat and bow of green velvet.

Holy Russia has another decoration for ladies—the Maria Medal, founded in 1828 in memory of Maria Feodorowna, by her son, the Emperor Nicholas. It is a decoration "reserved solely for ladies of unblemished character, for faithful service," and is generally conferred on the directresses of institutions founded by the Empress Maria. The Maria Medal has one peculiarity—"the possessors can not, under any circumstances, be deprived of it." The ribbon is of the same crimson and black stripe as that of the Order of St. Vladimir. Bavaria boasts four female orders. To become a member of the Order of St. Elizabeth, a lady must be a Roman Catholic, and be able to show her sixteen quarterings—the proof of noble descent running through sixteen generations of her own or her husband's ancestors. The badge, a white enamelled cross, with a figure of St. Elizabeth, is worn on the left breast by a blue ribbon with red borders. This ornament entails responsibilities. No one entitled to it can appear in public without it, except by fine of one ducat. Two Bavarian orders are in honor of St. Ann—one at Munich and the other at Würzburg; both partake of a conventual character, and both demand orthodoxy and the sixteen quarterings as qualifications. The Order of Theresa was founded by the late Queen of Bavaria for unmarried noblewomen, and includes a pension, which ceases with marriage. If, however, the noble damsels marry suitably, according to their rank, they are allowed to wear the insignia for the future as honorary ladies. This is no slight privilege to blondes. The badge is a cross, worn by a bow of a white watered ribbon, with two sky-blue stripes fastened to the left breast; and on gala days, when at court, a similar broad ribbon is thrown across the right shoulder toward the left hip. The costume is a dress of bright blue silk.

Bavaria's neighbor, Würtemberg, boasts only one female order, and that of recent formation, having been created at the conclusion of the Franco-German war by King Charles, in honor of his queen, Olga, the eldest sister of the Czar. Spain has the Order of Maria Louisa, which is epicene. The queen nominates the lady members, who are bound to visit, once a month, one of the hospitals for females or some other similar institution, and also to order mass to be read in their presence once a year for the souls of departed members. The badge is worn across the right shoulder by a broad violet ribbon, with white stripes in the middle. Portugal has an exclusively feminine order—that of St. Isabella, founded by the Prince Regent, Dom John, in 1801. This order is limited to twenty-six ladies—besides princesses of the royal family and of foreign reigning houses—who must be married, or, in default of marriage, be of the full age of twenty-six years.

One of the best-known distinctions for ladies is that of the Order of Louisa of Prussia: a decoration created by the father of the present Emperor of Germany, in memory of his gifted and high-spirited queen—she who faced Napoleon before the Treaty of Tilsit, and experienced rough treatment at his hands. It was originally a decoration for services rendered by women, in hospitals and otherwise, to the wounded and sick military in the war of 1813 and 1814. No quarterings are necessary to qualify for this decoration.

Prussia has a second feminine decoration. At the close of the Franco-German War, the Emperor added a female branch to the Cross of Merit—a distinction at one time purely military, but now, like the Order of the Bath, both civil and military. Another order of recent growth is that of Sidonia of Saxony, founded in 1871. The Order of the Wendish Crown—Mecklenburg Schwerin and Strelitz—is partially epicene; that is to say, the grand cross is given to ladies.

ABANDONED AT SEA.

At all times ships of one kind or another are floating about at sea, abandoned by officers and crew, in what seems a very hopeless condition. Some are dismantled and mere hulks, some are swimming keel upwards, some are water-logged, but being laden with timber will not sink, but are driven hither and thither as the wind and waves may direct. So people afflicted with Catarrh, bronchitis, and consumption are abandoned by physicians and friends as incurable, yet thousands of such are annually restored to perfect health by the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The Catarrh Remedy is unequalled as a soothing and healing local application, while the Discovery purifies and enriches the blood, and imparts tone and vigor to the whole system.

VIDOLIA, LA., *April* 17, 1877.

Dr. Pierce:

Dear Sir,—I suffered for twelve years with that most offensive and loathsome of all diseases—catarrh. My taste and smell were completely destroyed. I procured a supply of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and your Golden Medical Discovery, which I used according to directions, and a complete and permanent cure was speedily effected. I take pleasure in recommending them to all afflicted.

Ever thankfully yours,
CLARA E. HUNT.

WADING RIVER, BURLINGTON CO., N. J., *Feb.* 28, 1877.

Dr. Pierce:

Dear Sir,—Your Golden Medical Discovery is the best medicine for coughs, colds, and consumption I ever knew. It has saved my life.

Respectfully yours,
Com.] HELEN B. McANNEY.

Wm. T. Mason, Esq., of St Louis, writes: "The relief Jonas Whitcomb's Asthma Remedy afforded me was perfect; I have not had a bad night since taking it. This complaint has troubled me for a long time, and I have tried many things, but in no case found any relief until the Remedy came to hand."—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WHY SUFFER WITH DYSPEPSIA,
And be a burden to yourself and others, when
"HOYT'S DYSPEPSIA CURE"
will not only cure you, but restore happiness to the household? Ask your druggist for it, or send to the General Depot. STARR H. AMBLER & CO., Wholesale and Retail Druggists, 36 Vesey Street, New York. Treatise on Dyspepsia, post free, on application.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
EPPS'S
(BREAKFAST)
COCOA.
Sold only in Packets labelled
JAMES EPPS & CO.,
HOMŒOPATHIC CHEMISTS,
LONDON.

C. STEHR, Manufacturer of **Meerschaum Pipes & Cigar Holders.** Wholesale and retail. Send for Circular and Price-List. **347 Broome St., N.Y.** Medal awarded at Centennial, 1876.

THE ÆTNA
Life Insurance Company,
Of Hartford, Conn., with its assets of $34,141,175 20, and its clean surplus of nearly four and a quarter millions of dollars, and its well-known economical management, has recently received a well merited endorsement from the Special Commission appointed by the Legislature of Connecticut a year ago to investigate all the Life Insurance Companies of that State. The Commission say of the Ætna that it is "not only solvent, but financially sound, and under the management of officers and directors of large experience, sound judgment, and unblemished character, and entitled to the entire confidence of policy-holders and the public."

KURTZ Portraits,
MADISON SQUARE.
BRANCH:
Old Post-Office Building,
Nassau Street.

WARNER BROS' CORSETS

Are justly celebrated for their superior style and workmanship. Their
HEALTH CORSET,
With Skirt Supporters and self-adjusting pads, has a world-wide reputation. Price, $1.50. Their **Nursing Corset** is the delight of every mother. Price, $1.75. Their new
Flexible Hip Corset,
(120 bones), is warranted not to break down over the hips. Price, $1.25.
For sale by leading merchants. Samples sent by mail on receipt of price.
Warner Bros, 351 Broadway, N. Y.

VIREÜN (School for Boys),
Sing Sing, N. Y.
Ninety-two Pupils to West Point and Annapolis in last seven years. Preparation for College or Scientific Schools equally thorough. For Catalogue, send to
Col. H. C. SYMONDS (late U. S. Army), Principal.

MINTON'S TILES,
Hand-Painted and Decorative. Also, The Campbell Brick and Tile Co.'s Historical, Biblical, Husbandry, Elfin Tiles. Copeland's, and other Manufacturers.
ANDERSON MERCHANT & CO.,
53 Broadway, New York.
Remit 15c. for Illustrated Sheet.

PORTLAND
Roman and **Keene's Cements.** Remit 40c. Postage Stamps for complete Treatise and Circular. S. L. MERCHANT & CO., 53 Broadway, N. Y.

C. WEIS, Successor to POLLAK & CO., Manufacturer of MEERSCHAUM GOODS, wholesale and retail. **27 John Street.** Send for Circular, to P. O. Box 5009.

GAS WORKS.
FOR SALE LOW, a COAL GAS WORKS, of 2 benches and 2 retorts, capable of furnishing from 7000 to 8000 cubic feet of gas per day. Apply to
HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

KEATING · 79 ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD
TRADE MARK.
KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES are daily recommended for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, &c., by the Faculty. Testimonials from the most eminent may be seen. Price 50 cts. per box. Sold by all druggists. N. B.—They contain no opium, or preparation thereof.
E. FOUGERA & CO.,
New York, Special Agents.

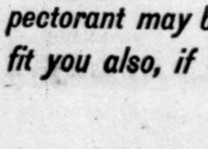
MINTONS' ART AND ENAMELED TILES
China Works, Stoke-Upon-Trent.
Also, The CAMPBELL BRICK & TILE Co's Encaustic and Geometrical Floor Tiles, Mosaics, &c.
THOS. ASPINWALL & SON,
38 MURRAY ST., NEW YORK,
The only representatives in the United States for the above firms.

PORTABILITY, combined with great power in FIELD, MARINE, TOURISTS', OPERA, and general out door day and night double perspective glasses; will show objects distinctly from two to six miles. Spectacles of the greatest transparent power to strengthen and improve the sight without the distressing results of frequent changes. Catalogues sent by inclosing stamp. SEMMONS, OCULISTS, OPTICIAN, 687 Broadway, N. Y.

REVOLVER FREE.—Seven-shot Revolver, with box cartridges. Address J. Bown & Son, 136 & 138 Wood St., Pittsburg, Pa.

50 LARGE MIXED CARDS, with name 13c.; or 40 in case 13c. Outfit 10c. DOWD & CO., Bristol, Conn.

KINGSFORD'S
OSWEGO STARCH
Is perfectly Pure, Uniform, and Stronger than any other.
IS THE BEST AND MOST ECONOMICAL IN THE WORLD.


***WEAK LUNGS** are cruelly racked, and the general strength gradually wasted by a persistent Cough, which Dr. Jayne's Expectorant may be relied on to cure. It will certainly benefit you also, if troubled with either Asthma or Bronchitis.*

Rogers' Statuary.

$10 and upward.

"The Traveling Magician."

Price $15.

Illustrated Catalogues may be had on application, or will be mailed, by enclosing 10 cents to

JOHN ROGERS,
1155 Broadway, New York,
Corner 27th Street.

GASOLENE

For GAS MACHINES. A superior article. Fvery barrel warrantod pure, and guaranteed full test. For sale at very low figures by the Manufacturers,

CHARLES PRATT & CO.,

Established 1770. **128 Pearl St., N. Y.**

NOVELTY

BABY CARRIAGE.

Send for Circular to

L. P. TIBBALS,
820 Broadway, New York.
(NEXT BLOCK ABOVE STEWART'S.)
Beware of Imitations.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS

FOR 1878.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, One Year	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY, " "	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR, " "	4 00
The THREE publications, one year	10 00
Any TWO, one year	7 00
SIX subscriptions, one year	20 00

Terms for large clubs furnished on application.

The Volumes of the *Weekly* and *Bazar* begin with the first Number for January, and the Volumes of the *Magazine* with the Numbers for June and December of each year.

Subscriptions will be commenced with the Number of each Periodical current at the time of receipt of order, except in cases where the subscriber otherwise directs.

Remittances should be made by **Post-Office Money Order** or **Draft,** to avoid chance of loss.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

BOUND VOLUMES.

Bound Volumes of the MAGAZINE, each volume containing the Numbers for Six Months, will be furnished for $3 00 per Volume in Cloth, or $5 25 in Half Calf, sent by mail, postage paid. A complete Analytical Index of the first fifty volumes, from June, 1850, to May, 1875, inclusive, is now ready. Price, Cloth, $3 00; Half Calf, $5 25.

Bound Volumes of the WEEKLY or BAZAR, each containing the Numbers for a year, will be furnished for $7 00 each, freight (if not exceeding one dollar a volume) paid by the Publishers.

There are 55 volumes of the MAGAZINE, 21 volumes of the WEEKLY, and 10 volumes of the BAZAR now ready.

ADVERTISING.

The extent and character of the circulation of HARPER'S WEEKLY and BAZAR render them advantageous mediums for advertising. A limited number of suitable advertisements will be inserted at the following rates: in the WEEKLY, Outside Page, $4 00 a line; Inside Pages, $2 00 a line. In the BAZAR, $1 00 a line; Cuts and Display charged the same rates for space occupied as solid matter.

Address

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

BUSINESS, PLEASURE, MEN, BOYS.

CAXTON PRESS, Self-Inking, only $14. COLUMBIAN PRESSES, Self-Inking, from $27 to $60; will do the work of a $250 Press. Presses from $3 50. Stamp for catalogue. CURTIS & MITCHELL, 15 Federal St., Boston, Mass. Established 1847.

A HANDSOME CHROMO PORTRAIT OF
HIS HOLINESS LEO XIII.,
From an authentic portrait loaned the publishers by His Grace Archbishop Wood, sent postpaid on receipt of **FIFTY CENTS.** Address CHROMO DEPARTMENT, National Bureau of Engraving, 435 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

$8 00, C.O.D., by express.
CAMP LOUNGE CO. Manufacturers, Norwalk, Conn.
Free Circulars. The thing for every Camper.

FITS CURED.

Dr. Brown's great prescription for Epilepsy having now been tested in over 10,000 cases without a failure, he has made up his mind to make the ingredients known to all sufferers free of charge. Address
Dr. O. PHELPS BROWN,
21 Grand St., Jersey City, N. J.

DYKES' BEARD ELIXIR Has done it, and will do it on the smoothest face. More than 20,000 young men already wear HEAVY MOUSTACHE AND BEARD, having used from 1 to 3 Pack'gs. No injury. Easily applied. Certain in effect. Package with directions post-paid 25 cts. 3 for 50 cts. SMITH & CO., Sole Agents, Palatine, Ill. The public will use due caution and Address as above.

BIG PAY to sell our Rubber Printing Stamps. Samples free. TAYLOR BROS. & CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

65 Mixed Cards, with name, 10c. and stamp. Ag'ts Outfit, 10c. L. C. COE & CO., Bristol, Conn.

HARPER'S NEW LANGUAGE SERIES.

The publishers cordially invite the attention of Teachers and Boards of Education to Prof. SWINTON'S course of training in the English language, as now embodied in Harper's "New Language Series." The books of the new series and their relation to the old are herewith presented:

Language Primer. *The "Primer" of the new series is the same as the old "Primer," no modification having been found necessary.*

New Language Lessons. *This is an entirely new book, designed to take the place of the old "Language Lessons." While retaining the vitalizing features of the latter work, the new manual is much more systematic in its development, and presents the subject in thorough text-book form.*

New English Grammar. *This also is an entirely new book, filling the place of the "Progressive Grammar," on which it is a marked improvement.*

New School Composition. *The "New School Composition" is a revision of the "School Composition" in the old series, with many improvements in detail.*

The several books of the series will be furnished at the following rates:

	Mailing Price.	*Introduction.*	*Exchange.*
LANGUAGE PRIMER	35 cents.	22 cents.	18 cents.
NEW LANGUAGE LESSONS	50 "	28 "	22 "
NEW ENGLISH GRAMMAR	70 "	45 "	35 "
NEW SCHOOL COMPOSITION	44 "	28 "	22 "
ENGLISH GRAMMAR and SCHOOL COMPOSITION in one volume	$1 00 "	60 "	45 "

FOR GRADED SCHOOLS the series in three books will commend itself by its completeness and economy. Those teachers who desire a two book course will find their wish fully met in the "New Language Lessons," and "New Grammar and Composition."

FOR DISTRICT SCHOOLS the "New Language Lessons" will, in the majority of cases, furnish all that is required for training in grammar and composition. ☞ *We invite special attention to the remarkable merits of this intermediate book of the Language Series.*

The system of language training embodied in Harper's Language Series is the greatest success in the history of educational literature. It has made a complete revolution in the study of the English language in our common schools.

The re-modelling and partial re-writing of the series have been made with a view to its more perfect adaptation to the new courses of study in the public schools.

It is believed that the books now form a closely connected series, embodying a progressive course of development, the outlines of which may be thus set forth:

1. Language Primer—mainly *practice.*
2. New Language Lessons—*theory* and *practice* (i. e., grammar and composition) in about equal proportions.
3. New English Grammar and New School Composition—the two studies differentiated, but simultaneously pursued.

☞ The publishers continue to furnish the "Language Lessons," "Progressive Grammar," and "School Composition" of the old series.

To the thousands of teachers who gave the *Language Series* a reception exceptional in the history of text-books, the *New Language Series* is submitted as being more worthy of their acceptance, and a nearer approach to their ideal.

Correspondence regarding copies for examination, terms of introduction, &c., is solicited.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers,
Franklin Square, New York.

World's ONLY Manufacturer of WHEEL CHAIRS Exclusively. All Styles and Sizes for **Invalids' and Cripples'** Self-propulsion by means of hands only, in and out-doors. Comfort, durability, and ease of movement *unequalled.* Patentee and Maker of the "Rolling Chairs" pushed about at the Centennial. Send stamp for Ill'd Catalogue, and mention *Harper's Weekly.* HERBERT S. SMITH, 32 Platt St., N. Y.

SUBSCRIPTION PUBLICATIONS.

WANTED, a person fully competent to organize and take charge of a Subscription-Book Department. Must be perfectly familiar with all the requirements for a successful Subscription Business.

Please to state in application age, qualifications, and where last employed.

Habits and references must be unexceptionable.

Address, **P. O. Box, No. 901, New York City.**

BEST GOODS AT LOWEST PRICES.
MAGIC LANTERNS AND VIEWS
Illus. Catalogues & Lectures. 3 Books, 25c.
CIRCULARS FREE. OUTFITS WANTED.
MAGIC MUSICAL CABINET. Everyone a Musician. { *THEO. J. HARBACH,* 809 Filbert St., Philad'a, Pa.
MUSICAL NOVELTY OF THE AGE.

10 Ever blooming **500,000** Roses for $1 00. Plants and Evergreens sent *Free by Mail. Catalogue Free.* Address **I. C. WOOD & BRO.,** Nurserymen and Florists, **Fishkill, N. Y.**

TUBULAR BOW SOCKETS FOR TOP BUGGIES

AGENTS, READ THIS.

We will pay Agents a salary of **$75 per month** and expenses to sell our new and wonderful inventions. Address L. S. SHERMAN & CO., Marshall, Mich.

$1200 Salary. Salesmen wanted to sell our Staple Goods to dealers. No peddling. Expenses paid. Permanent employment. address S. A. GRANT & CO., 2, 4, 6 & 8 Home St., Cincinnati, O.

WANTED—Men in each State for the Detective Service and to report crime. Pay liberal. Inclose stamp, and address AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN SECRET SERVICE CO., Cincinnati, Ohio.

25 Fashionable Cards, no two alike, with name, 10c. postpaid. GEO. I. REED & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

SPLENDID **FLOWERS**

Strong Plants, your choice, delivered by mail free of cost at your door. **Our new Hand-Book of 24 years' experience sent free, with directions for culture of over 1200 best varieties.** *Centennial medal.* Largest assortment. *Low prices. All labeled. Satisfaction guaranteed.* **6 ROSES,** all named, **$1; 13 for $2.** HOOPES, BROTHER & THOMAS, CHERRY HILL NURSERIES, WEST CHESTER, PA.

RUBBER TYPE! Cases of 125 movable letters, etc., with printing apparatus, $1 50 by mail; sample of Type and circular, 6c. Address RUBBER TYPE CO., Mallet Creek, Ohio.

BIG 84-page Picture Book, **free.** My plan beats all to make money. Is easy, honest, and pays you $10 a day. DAVID C. COOK, Chicago, Illinois.

EPILEPSY or FITS CURED! by Dr. Ross' Epileptic Remedies. TRIAL PACKAGE SENT FREE. Cures speedy, absolute and permanent. Address ROSS BROS., No. 319 Main St., RICHMOND, IND.

25 CARDS, 25 styles, 10c.; or, 20 Chromo Cards, 20c., with name. J. B. HUSTED, Nassau, N. Y.

SEEDS. CHOICEST SEEDS FREE. Descriptive Circular sent free to all applicants. Address **BENJ. A. ELLIOTT & CO.,** Pittsburgh, Pa.

1000 CONTRACTS WILL BE ADVERTISED in the *Chicago Engineering News* in 1878. Subscription, **$3 00;** Single Copies, **10 cents.**

CARDS 30 Gold and Silver Border, new, and the handsomest card you ever saw, with name and elegant Leatherette Case 30cts. 4 packs 1.00. Samples and catalogue 3c. Agents wanted. J. A. MORRILL, FULTON, N. Y.

SALESMEN WANTED $125 A Month and Expenses selling to DEALERS SAMPLES FREE. Send 3c. STAMP to insure answer. S. FOSTER & CO., Cincinnati, O. **CIGARS**

40 **EXTRA FINE** Mixed Cards, with name, 10c., postpaid. L. JONES & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

$350 A MONTH—AGENTS WANTED—36 best selling articles in the world; one sample *free.* Address Jay Bronson, Detroit, Mich.

$3 GOLD PLATED WATCHES. Cheapest in the known world. *Sample Watch Free to Agents.* Address, A. COULTER & Co., Chicago.

TRIX, Novelties, Notions. Illustrated Catalogue free to Agents. Boston Novelty Co., Boston, Mass.

$2500 a year. Agents wanted everywhere. Business strictly legitimate. Particulars free Address J. WORTH & Co., St. Louis, Mo.

HARPER & BROTHERS' LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

I.

HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE. By JOHN RICHARD GREEN, M.A., Author of "A Short History of the English People," "Stray Studies from England and Italy." In Four Volumes, 8vo. Vol. I.: Early England, 449–1071.—England Under Foreign Kings, 1071–1214.—The Charter, 1209–1291.—The Parliament, 1307–1461. With Eight Maps Vol. I. 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

II.

CONSTANTINOPLE. By JAMES BRYCE. 32mo, Paper, 15 cents.

III.

POPULAR ASTRONOMY. By SIMON NEWCOMB, LL.D., Professor, U. S. Naval Observatory. With One Hundred and Twelve Engravings, and Five Maps of the Stars. 8vo, Cloth, $4 00.

IV.

THE SPANISH ARMADA FOR THE INVASION OF ENGLAND. 1587–1588. By ALFRED H. GUERNSEY. 32mo, Paper, 20 cents.

V.

DANIEL THE BELOVED. By the Rev. WILLIAM M. TAYLOR, D.D., Minister of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York City; Author of "Peter the Apostle," "David, King of Israel," "Elijah the Prophet," &c. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

VI.

FIELD-MARSHAL COUNT MOLTKE'S LETTERS FROM RUSSIA. Translated from the German by GRACE BIGELOW. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents.

VII.

THE HISTORY OF A CRIME: the Testimony of an Eye-Witness. By VICTOR HUGO, Author of "The Toilers of the Sea," "Ninety-Three," &c. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

VIII.

CYPRUS: ITS ANCIENT CITIES, TOMBS, AND TEMPLES. A Narrative of Researches and Excavations during Ten Years' Residence in that Island. By General LOUIS PALMA DI CESNOLA, Mem. of the Royal Academy of Sciences, Turin; Hon. Mem. of the Royal Society of Literature, London, &c. With Portrait, Maps, and 400 Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, Extra, Gilt Tops and Uncut Edges, $7 50.

IX.

THE ART OF BEAUTY. By Mrs. H. R. HAWEIS. Illustrated by the Author. Square 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental Cover, $1 75.

X.

THE KHEDIVE'S EGYPT; or, The Old House of Bondage Under New Masters. By EDWIN DE LEON, Ex-Agent and Consul-General in Egypt. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

XI.

POTTERY AND PORCELAIN OF ALL TIMES AND NATIONS. With Tables of Factory and Artists' Marks, for the Use of Collectors. By WILLIAM C. PRIME, LL.D. Profusely Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, Gilt Tops and Uncut Edges, $7 00. (In a box.)

XII.

MACAULAY'S ESSAYS: [32mo, Paper.]

John Milton—Lord Byron. 25 cents.
John Hampden—Lord Burleigh. 25 cents.
The Earl of Chatham. 25 cents.
William Pitt. 25 cents.
Samuel Johnson, LL.D. 25 cents.
Frederic the Great. 25 cents.
Lord Clive. 25 cents.
Warren Hastings. 25 cents.
The Life and Writings of Addison. 25 cents.
Sir William Temple. 25 cents.
Machiavelli—Horace Walpole. 25 cents.

THE NEW NOVELS

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

⁂ *These Novels are in Paper Covers, except where otherwise specified.*

Back to Back. By EDWARD EVERETT HALE. 25 cents.

The Last of the Haddons. By Mrs. NEWMAN. 25 cents.

Two Tales of Married Life. Hard to Bear. By GEORGIANA M. CRAIK. A True Man. By M. C. STIRLING. 30 cents.

An Open Verdict. By Miss M. E. BRADDON. 35 cents.

Da Capo. By Miss THACKERAY. 20 cents.

Shepherds All and Maidens Fair. By WALTER BESANT and JAMES RICE. 25 cents.

My Lady's Money. By WILKIE COLLINS. 25 cents.

Poor Zeph! By F. W. ROBINSON. 20 cents.

A Jewel of a Girl. 35 cents.

Young Musgrave. By Mrs. OLIPHANT. 40 cents.

Green Pastures and Piccadilly. By WILLIAM BLACK. 50 cents; 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

A Young Wife's Story. By HARRIETTE BOWRA. 25 cts.

A Modern Minister. With Illustrations. Vol. I. 35 cents.

What He Cost Her. By JAMES PAYN. 40 cents.

Erema; or, My Father's Sin. By R. D. BLACKMORE. 50 cents.

The Sad Fortunes of Rev. Amos Barton. By GEORGE ELIOT. 20 cents.

Mr. Gilfil's Love Story. By GEORGE ELIOT. 20 cents.

Janet's Repentance. By GEORGE ELIOT. 20 cents.

Marjorie Bruce's Lovers. By MARY PATRICK. 25 cents.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send either of the above works by mail (excepting the larger works, whose weight excludes them from the mail), postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

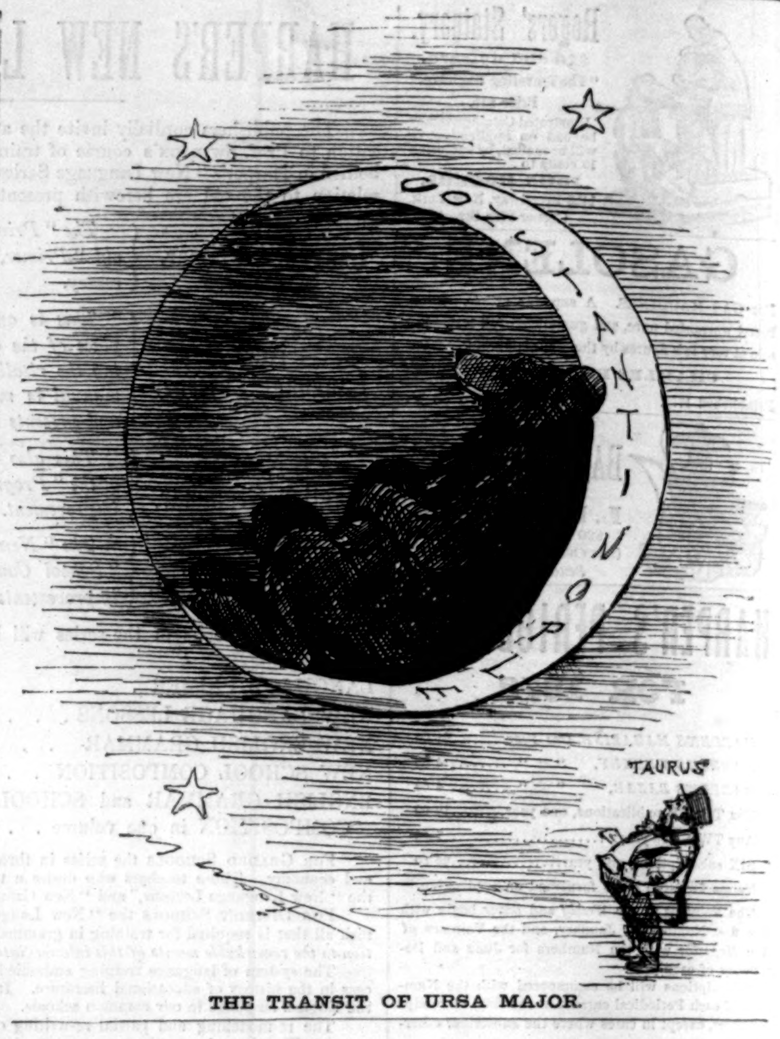
☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE *mailed free on receipt of Nine Cents.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

$40 A WEEK. Catalogue and Sample Free. FELTON & CO., 119 Nassau Street, N. Y.

DANCE TO YOUR DADDY.

The Dear has Swallowed the Silver Dollar ($412\frac{1}{2}$ Grains) and is Reviving.



THE TRANSIT OF URSA MAJOR.

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING! It pays! Card and Label Press, $3 only. Illustrated Catalogue of all sizes, 6c. KELSEY & Co., Meriden, Conn.

GEO. A. PRINCE & CO.'S

Organs & Melodeons.

The oldest, largest, and most perfect manufactory in the United States. Between

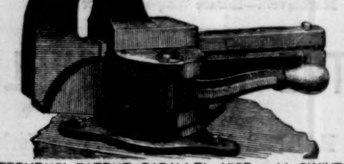
57,000 and 58,000

Now in Use.

No other Musical Instrument ever obtained the same popularity. Send for Price-Lists.

TWO NEW STYLES JUST OUT.

Address, BUFFALO, N. Y., U. S. A.



STEPHENS' PATENT PARALLEL VISE, with SWIVEL, Taper, Pipe, and other attachments, is the handiest and most effective in use. Twelve years constant use, ten hours each day, proves to us that a man cannot wear it out in a lifetime. Its parts are interchangeable. It opens **further**, holds **firmer**, is **heavier** and more **durable** than any other vise. Selected vises sent to any address by express or C. O. D., with privilege of examining before taking. Write for illustrated circular.
Stephens' Patent Vise Co., 41 Dey Street, New York, U. S. A.

Lantern Slides and Lanterns.

The Largest Stock in America, at Low Prices.

"Wilson's Lantern Journeys" describes 800 beautiful places and things, $2.

"The Magic Lantern" (Monthly), $1 a year. Three Catalogues, 25 cents. Centennial Exhibition Views, 10 Gems of Photographic Art, 8 x 10 size, made for *Harper's Weekly*, $7. EDWARD L. WILSON, Proprietor Centennial Photo. Co., 116 N. 7th St., Phila.

H. W. JOHNS' PATENT.
ASBESTOS
MATERIALS.

Paints, Roofing, Steam Pipe and Boiler Coverings, Steam Packing, Sheathings, *Fire, Acid,* and *Water-proof Coatings, Cements,* &c. Send for Samples, Illustrated Catalogues, Price-Lists, &c.
87 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK.

FISHERMEN!
TWINES AND NETTING,
MANUFACTURED BY
WM. E. HOOPER & SONS, Baltimore, Md.
☞ Send for Price-List, naming your County and State.

BEATTY

Beatty's popular plan, viz.: **A $650** Piano for **$175; $340** Cabinet Parlor Organ for only **$95,** &c. **WARRANTED FOR SIX YEARS** and sent on **15 DAYS' TEST** trial. Address DAN'L F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey, U.S.A.

R. CAMPBELL, Manufacturer & Importer of **Fine Saddlery,**
No. 54 Fourth Avenue, New York.

A splendid opportunity to acquire a valuable and convenient library at an insignificant outlay of money.—BOSTON TRANSCRIPT.

Harper's Half-Hour Series.

A VALUABLE LIBRARY:

ROMANCE, BELLES-LETTRES, HISTORY, FINANCE, DOMESTIC SCIENCE, BIOGRAPHY, &c.

25 VOLUMES IN A BOX FOR $5.

15 CENTS EACH.

The Turks in Europe. By Edward A. Freeman.
Kate Cronin's Dowry. By Mrs. Cashel Hoey.
Tender Recollections of Irene Macgillicuddy.

20 CENTS EACH.

Thompson Hall. By Anthony Trollope. Illustrated.
Oliver Cromwell. By Knatchbull-Hugessen.
Dieudonnée. By Geraldine Butt.
The Time of Roses. By Geraldine Butt.
The Jilt. By Charles Reade. Illustrated.
The Mill of St. Herbot. By Katharine S. Macquoid.
The House on the Beach. By George Meredith.
Percy and the Prophet. By Wilkie Collins.
Jews and their Persecutors. By Eugene Lawrence.
Sad Fortunes of Amos Barton. By George Eliot.
Mr. Gilfil's Love Story. By George Eliot.
Janet's Repentance. By George Eliot.
Poor Zeph! By F. W. Robinson.
Spanish Armada for the Invasion of England.
Da Capo. By Miss Thackeray.
The Bride of Landeck. By G. P. R. James.
A Shadow on the Threshold. By Mary Cecil Hay.
Brother Jacob—The Lifted Veil. By George Eliot.

25 CENTS EACH.

Tales from Shakespeare. Comedies.
Tales from Shakespeare. Tragedies.
When the Ship Comes Home. By Besant and Rice.
Early England. By Fred. York-Powell.
England a Continental Power. By L. Creighton.
Rise of the People. By James Rowley.
Tudors and the Reformation. By M. Creighton.
Struggle against Absolute Monarchy. B. M. Cordery.
University Life in Anc't Athens. By W. W. Capes.
Primer of Greek Literature. By Eugene Lawrence.
Primer of Latin Literature. By Eugene Lawrence.
Primer of Mediæval Literature. By Eugene Lawrence.
Peter the Great. By John Lothrop Motley.
Cooking Receipts. From *Harper's Bazar*.
Virginia. A Roman Sketch.
The A B C of Finance. By Simon Newcomb.
Warren Hastings. By Lord Macaulay.
Life and Writings of Addison. By Lord Macaulay.
Lord Clive. By Lord Macaulay.
Frederic the Great. By Lord Macaulay.
The Earl of Chatham. By Lord Macaulay.
William Pitt. By Lord Macaulay.
Samuel Johnson. By Lord Macaulay.
John Hampden—Lord Burleigh. By Lord Macaulay.
Sir William Temple. By Lord Macaulay.
Machiavelli—Horace Walpole. By Lord Macaulay.
John Milton—Lord Byron. By Lord Macaulay.
My Lady's Money. By Wilkie Collins.
Shepherds All and Maidens Fair. Besant and Rice.
Back to Back. By Edward Everett Hale.
David's Little Lad. By L. T. Meade.
Moltke's Letters from Russia. Tr'd by Grace Bigelow.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

☞ *A selection of twenty-five volumes from the above Series will be sent by mail (in box), postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of Five Dollars.*
The volumes sent separately at their advertised prices, postage free.

POPULAR ASTRONOMY.

By SIMON NEWCOMB, LL.D.,

PROFESSOR, U. S. NAVAL OBSERVATORY, AUTHOR OF "THE A B C OF FINANCE."

WITH ONE HUNDRED AND TWELVE ENGRAVINGS, AND FIVE MAPS OF THE STARS.

8vo, Cloth, $4 00.

The great reputation which the author of this work has merited and enjoys, both in this country and in Europe, is a sufficient guarantee of its excellence. * * * He has dwelt especially upon those topics which have just now a popular and philosophic interest, carefully employing such language and such simple explanations as will be intelligible without laborious study. Technical terms have as much as possible been avoided. Such as were employed of necessity, and many that occur elsewhere, have been fully explained in a copious glossary at the end of the book. The value of the work is also enhanced by maps of the stellar heavens, with numerous diagrams and engravings. With its abundant aid, the reader cannot fail to derive both pleasure and entertainment from the study of what is the most ancient as well as the most elevating and inspiring of all the natural sciences. * * * Professor Newcomb, throughout his whole volume, preserves his well-known character as a writer who, in treating of scientific subjects, fully understands the art of bringing them within the range of popular comprehension. Although his book is a valuable addition to scientific literature, it is fully calculated to hold the attention of the general reader.—*N. Y. Times.*

The eminent attainments and enviable reputation of its author give it a prestige which insures respect and confidence at the outset. But while the professional investigator and special student will find here much to strengthen them in their researches, it is not for them that the work has been done. Its purpose is to enlighten that great mass of fairly educated people who have lost the astronomical knowledge that they once possessed, or else they never possessed much. It states and explains exhaustively and elaborately the latest methods of investigation, the latest discoveries, and the latest general development of this majestic and almost infinite science. Great thought and much space have been given to the historical points and philosophical aspects of the science. * * * In the treatment of weighty and abstruse scientific subjects, he never fails to bring them within the range of the average popular comprehension.—*Boston Post.*

Professor Newcomb's aim has been to write a book which will present to the general reading public a condensed view of the history, methods, and results of astronomical research, especially in those fields which are of most popular and philosophic interest at the present day. For the accomplishment of this object he has avoided, as far as possible, the complication of the narrative and arguments with mathematical formulas and scientific technology, and has endeavored to give the reading public a book that, while being exact in its statements and definitions, will be popular in the best sense of the word.—*Cincinnati Times.*

Professor Newcomb carefully avoids the temptation held out to him by many parts of his subject to write for effect; he keeps always faithfully to his purpose, setting forth with respect to every subject discussed the history of the investigations made, the positive, certain results attained, and the conjectures which astronomers have founded upon these results, together with the reasoning on which each conjecture rests and the objections that exist to its acceptance. He is, in a word, singularly conscientious and perfectly frank; but the subject itself is so full of wonders that even when treated in this calm, scientific spirit, its discussion is entrancingly interesting, and Professor Newcomb's work, written as it is in a perfectly clear, simple, and direct style, is likely, we think, to become more than ordinarily popular.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

The author of this "Popular Astronomy" is as well fitted as any living man to produce it. He is a master of all the theories and lore of his beloved science, and he has at command the unrivalled instruments of the United States Naval Observatory at Washington. He is an unwearied investigator and professional enthusiast (in the best sense of the word), and writes an English which all people can understand. Parade and pedantry are wholly absent from this work. Professor Newcomb's plan covers the whole field of astronomical discovery and speculation.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

Probably the best popular exposition of astronomy which has ever been published. Professor Newcomb has the art, in the selection and arrangement of his topics, to present the most vital facts and theories so as to make the reader interested in tracing their relative as well as positive significance. He has certainly succeeded in what he calls the main object of the book—to give the general reader a condensed view of the history, methods, and results of astronomical research, especially in those fields which are of most popular and philosophic interest at the present day, couched in such language as to be intelligible without mathematical study.—*Boston Globe.*

The problem of adapting the facts and principles of a most intricate science to the understanding of the ordinary reader has been earnestly undertaken and successfully solved in this work. * * * The entire volume bespeaks the well-known ability of its author, and furnishes a new title to his world-wide reputation.—*Boston Transcript.*

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

☞ *Sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

STANLEY IN AFRICA.

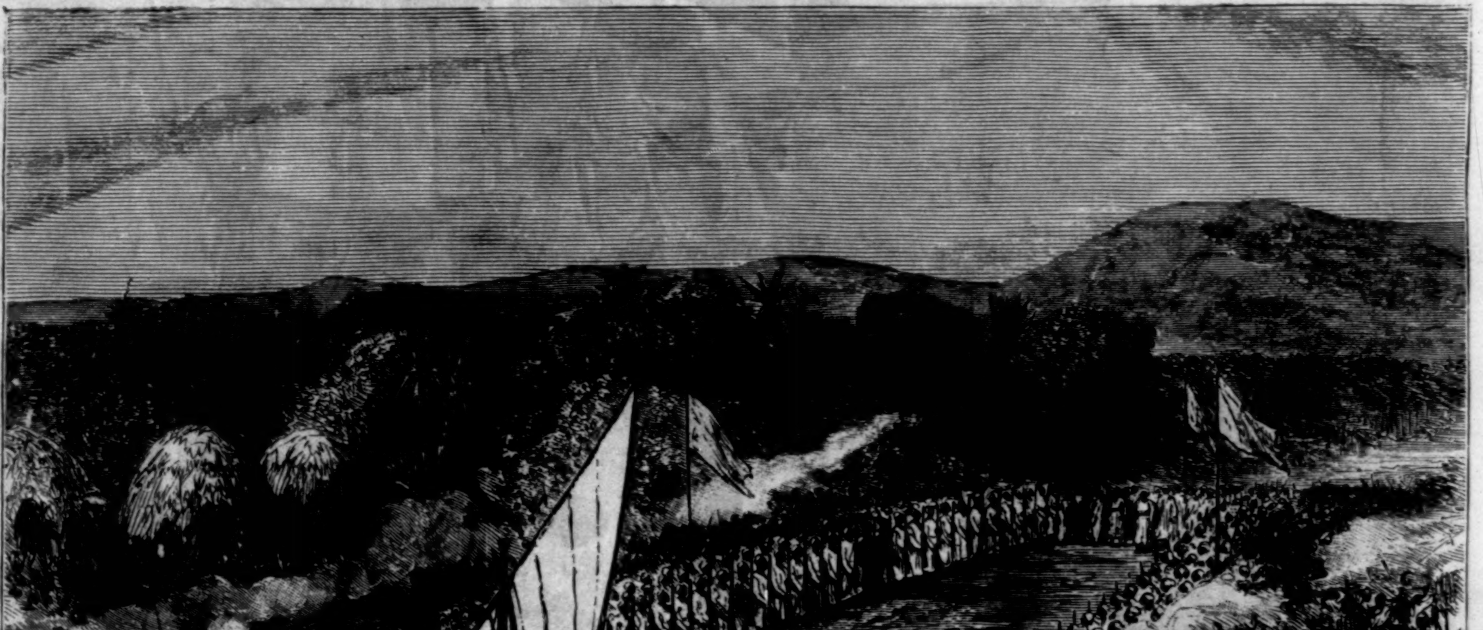
THE engravings in our Supplement add two more to the series illustrating STANLEY'S adventures in Central Africa. The first is a faithful representation of the way in which a mighty potentate honored the great explorer who had journeyed so far to visit him. It was drawn upon the spot, and is properly accompanied by the following notes from Mr. STANLEY'S own pen: "This sketch illustrates the manner of our reception in Uganda by the body-guard of the Emperor MTESA, his Prime Minister and chiefs, which was the beginning of an introduction to a despotic monarch, who, though nominally a Moslem, still distinguished himself by a number of human sacrifices, as described by Captain SPEKE. The emperor has arrived at the lake with unusual state. About 300 of his body-guards are drawn in three rows, flanking a road leading to the Prime Minister, in whose rear are the great chiefs and warriors of state. On either side, near the lake, are the robed warriors waiting to see the owner of the saucy exploring boat *Lady Alice* and his crew. A portion of the camp inhabited by the camp-followers may be seen, as well as the mount at whose northern base one of the feeders of the Mwerango rises. At the head of Murchison Bay is a small fleet of canoes, about eighty in number, drawn up in charge of the grand admiral. In Africa a monarch simply embodies the power of life and death, and the awe paid to that power hedges him round with extraordinary reverence, and all the solemnity of fearful respect that devoted subjects can pay. MTESA is one of the most exacting about ceremonies and the circumstances of state, and nothing is done without regard to external proprieties. It was at his command that such a stately reception was given to the owner of a small boat, whose only claim to his respect at this time was that he was of European blood, and came to pay him honor."

As STANLEY landed he was saluted with a deafening volley of musketry and a waving of flags. When the din finally subsided he was approached by KATAKIRO, the chief mukungu, or officer, in Uganda, who made his acquaintance, and then conducted him to comfortable quarters. They had scarcely arrived when a magnificent present was sent to the explorer from MTESA. It consisted of sixteen goats, ten oxen, and an immense quantity of bananas, plantains, and sweet-potatoes; also eggs, chickens, milk, rice, ghee, and butter. After this bountiful gift STANLEY confesses to a deepened interest in his Majesty of Uganda. He became curious to see the great monarch, and apparently the sentiment was mutual, for on the afternoon of the same day, MTESA, who had already made preparations for the great event, sent word that he was ready to receive his visitor. Here again we are enabled to quote from STANLEY'S own words: "Issuing out of my quarters, I found myself in a broad street, eighty feet wide and half a mile long, which was lined by his personal guards and attendants, his captains and their respective retinues, to the number of about three thousand. At the extreme end of this street and fronting it was the king's audience house, in whose shadow I saw dimly the figure of the king sitting in a chair. As I advanced toward him the soldiers continued to fire their guns. The drums, sixteen in number, beat out a fearful tempest of sound, and the flags waved, until I became conscious that all this display was far beyond my merits, and consequently felt greatly embarrassed by so flattering a reception. Arrived before the audience house, the king rose—a tall and slender figure, dressed in Arab costume—approached me a few paces, held out his hand mutely, while the drums continued their terrible noise, and we stood silently gazing at each other during a few minutes, I indeed more embarrassed than ever. But, soon relieved from the oppressive noise of the huge drums and the hospitable violence of the many screaming discordant fifes, I was invited to sit, MTESA first showing the example, followed by his great captains, about one hundred in number."

It would appear that STANLEY made an unusual impression upon the monarch, or else the latter has modified his notions of etiquette. Colonel LONG, who visited Central Africa in 1874, and whose explorations form the subject of a most interesting volume, published by the HARPERS, tells us that he himself was the first visitor ever invited to sit in the presence of the king. He also finds a reason for the failure of Captain SPEKE'S proposed expedition for the exploration of the Congo in the fact that the captain neglected to conduct himself with propriety in the royal presence. "MTESA never forgave Captain SPEKE for insisting upon sitting in his presence, while to me he accorded a seat near him, and caused his people to prostrate themselves before me."

Whether he owes it to his Arab extraction or not, MTESA seems to be strongly endowed with the instinct of hospitality. STANLEY was, according to his own account, considerably impressed by the monarch's manner, about which there was much that was amiable, graceful, and friendly. MTESA exhibited, so to speak, the polish of a true gentleman, and contrived to convey the idea to the explorer that he wished to be recognized as a true friend, a generous master, and an intelligent ruler. "He is not," writes STANLEY, in describing the event of their first meeting, "personally inferior to SEYD BURGHASH, the Arab Sultan of Zanzibar, and indeed appears to me quite like a colored gentleman who has visited European courts, and caught a certain refinement and ease of manner, with a large amount of information." Clearly Messrs. STANLEY and LONG have been enabled to discover virtues in MTESA that were not apparent to Captain SPEKE. Both describe his personal appearance as well as his manner in the most admiring terms. STANLEY says: "MTESA is about thirty-four years old, and tall and slender in build, as I have already stated, but with broad shoulders. His face is very agreeable and pleasant, and indicates intelligence and mildness. His eyes are large, his nose and mouth are a great improvement upon those of the common type of negro, and approach to the same features in the Muscat Arab when slightly tainted with negro blood. His teeth are splendid, and gleaming white." Colonel LONG concludes a paragraph, in which he describes the monarch in phrases equivalent to those just quoted, by an allusion to his costume: "He is dressed in a long cloak, common in fashion to that worn by the better class of Arab merchants. The texture is of blue cloth, trimmed with gold. Around his head in graceful folds is wound a white turban; his waist encircled by a belt in gold, richly wrought, from which is suspended a Turkish cimeter; his feet are incased in sandals of Moorish pattern, procured from Zanzibar. He advanced to meet me, with a graceful salutation, as I dismounted from "Ugunda," to which alternately his eyes wandered with almost an expression of fear, that gave me the impression that he regarded me as fresh from the Inferno."

After three days' acquaintance with the ruler of Uganda, STANLEY becomes positively enthusiastic. He writes: "MTESA is a great king. He is a monarch who would delight the soul of any intelligent European, as he would see in his black Majesty the hope of Central Africa. He is King of Karagwe, Uganda, Unyoro, Usoga, and Usui. Each day I found something which increased my esteem and respect for him. He is fond of imitating Europeans and what he has heard of their great personages, which trait, with a little tuition, would prove of immense benefit to his country. He has prepared broad highways in the neighborhood of his capital for the good time that is coming when some charitable European will send him any kind of a wheeled vehicle. As we approached the



Copyright, 1878, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

MR. H. M. STANLEY'S ANGLO-AMERICAN EXPEDITION FOR THE EXPLORATION OF CENTRAL AFRICA—RECEPTION BY MTESA'S BODY-GUARD, PRIME MINISTER, AND CHIEFS.

MR. H. M. STANLEY'S ANGLO-AMERICAN EXPEDITION FOR THE EXPLORATION

capital the main road from Usavara increased in width from twenty feet to 150 feet. When we arrived at this magnificent breadth we viewed the capital crowning an eminence commanding a most extensive view of a picturesque and rich country, all teeming with gardens of plantains and bananas, and beautiful pasture land. Of course huts, however large, lend but little attraction to a scene; but a tall flag-staff and an immense flag proved a decided feature in the landscape. Arrived at the capital, I found that the vast collection of buildings crowning the eminence were the royal quarters, round which ran five several palisades and circular courts, between which and the city was a circular road ranging from 100 to 200 feet in width; and from this radiated six or seven imposing avenues, lined with gardens and huts."

There is one blot, however, which both explorers discover upon the character of Mtesa, and that is his delight in human sacrifices. How many victims were slain in honor of Stanley's visit we have yet to learn, but on the occasion of the colonel's first appearance before the monarch thirty wretched creatures were most foully murdered. "Mtesa suddenly rose from his seat; a slight but significant contraction of the eye had caused the disappearance of the 'marsalah,' who, quick to do their master's will, snatched from their turbans the plaited cord, and seizing their unresisting victims, to the number of thirty, amid howls and fearful yells, crowned in blood the signal honor of the white man's visit to Mtesa. It required no common effort for me to repress my feelings at this moment, or to assume the careless air that concealed what was going on within; for all eyes were watching me intently, and a sign of feeling would, if nothing more serious, have subjected me to ridicule and loss of prestige. Singular contradictory combination in the negro, that, cowardly himself, he most admires coolness in others. To protest would have been as useless on my part as impolitic. This was a custom common to all African potentates—a prerogative that went with the claim to African greatness. A protest from me would perhaps have consigned me to a like fate; and though impracticable philanthropists would have advised my throwing myself into the 'bloody chasm,' I confess to a certain selfish congratulation that neither myself nor my soldiers had been included in the sacrifice."

During the months that he spent in Uganda Stanley himself assumed the *rôle* of missionary, determined, if possible, to do something toward introducing Mtesa to the mysteries of Christianity and toward abolishing the series of massacres which tarnish the record of an otherwise amiable despot. Such was his success that before leaving Uganda he had the satisfaction of seeing the first church in Central Africa begun. Fearing a relapse on the part of his converts, he left them in charge of a pupil of the London Mission at Zanzibar until missionaries could be obtained who would consent to look after the spiritual interests of Mtesa and his people. Stanley's interest in the work to be done among them is so great that in discussing the question of establishing churches among them he writes: "With all deference, I would suggest that the mission should bring to Mtesa as presents three or four suits of military clothes, decorated freely with gold embroidery; together with half a dozen French *képis*, a sabre, a brace of pistols and suitable ammunition; a good fowling-piece and rifle of good quality, for the king is not a barbarian; a cheap dinner service of Britannia ware, an iron bedstead and counterpanes, a few pieces of cotton print, boots, etc. For trade, it should also bring fine blue, black, and gray woolen cloths, a quantity of military buttons, gold braid and cord, silk cord of different colors, as well as binding; linen and sheeting for shirts, fine red blankets and a quantity of red cloth, with a few chairs and tables. The profit arising from the sale of these things would be enormous. For the mission's use it should bring with it a supply of hammers, saws, augers, chisels, axes, hatchets, adzes, carpenters' and blacksmiths' tools, since the Waganda are apt pupils; iron drills and powder for blasting purposes, trowels, a couple of good-sized anvils, a forge and bellows, an assortment of nails and tacks, a plough, spades, shovels, pickaxes, and a couple of light buggies as specimens, with such other small things as their own common-sense would suggest to the men whom I invite. Most desirable would be an assortment of garden seed and grain; also white lead, linseed-oil, brushes, a few volumes of
prints, a magic-lant
graphic apparatus.
equipment need not
sterling."

So much space ha
ation of that interes
alty Mtesa and the
that it will not be po
Stanley's experien
part of which was
visited by this expl
is ruled over by Kab
the white man. It
tered in this regio
with fifty soldiers, t
igation of the Nile
and Albert Nyanza,
the people caused Si
Unyoro with a larg
luxury of camp and
country, his men ki
destroyed. Stanley

[IN C]ENTRAL AFRICA—THE DASH ACROSS UNYORO.—[FROM A SKETCH BY MR. STANLEY.]

Copyright, 1878, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

yoro, KABBA REGA, as readers of Sir SAMUEL BAKER'S *Ismailia* may know, was not a man likely to permit explorers of the same race and color as Sir SAMUEL BAKER and Colonel GORDON to penetrate his land. In fact, an embassy came from KABBA REGA imploring MTESA not to make the acquaintance of the wicked white men, as none but black men were 'good.' MTESA laughed at the embassy, and sent it back to KABBA REGA to tell him that few black men were good, but that all white men, especially 'SPEKE' and 'STAMLEE,' were very good, and that he intended to let 'STAMLEE' take as many men as he wished, to go any where he liked, and that if 'STAMLEE' wished to 'eat up' KABBA REGA and his country, he would give him all the men he needed. But as 'STAMLEE' did not intend to take any part of Unyoro, but simply to go to Muta Uzige, he commanded KABBA REGA to let 'STAMLEE' alone, and be hospitable to him. As I did not place implicit faith upon MTESA'S assurances that we would not be troubled by KABBA REGA, each march through Unyoro was performed with due regard to the safety of the multitude placed under my command. An acquaintance with the principles of savage warfare caused me to be especially on guard against surprises, which to an expedition composed of undisciplined men would be most fatal and ruinous. It also prevented the possibility of attack, unless made by an overpowering force, whose numbers must necessarily be seen."

The view of STANLEY and his party given in our double-page engraving was sketched from one of the "easy pastoral swells" of land whence Mount Gordon Bennett, in the Gambaragara district, rears its head to the clouds to the height of from 13,000 to 14,000 feet above the sea. Snow is frequently seen upon this mountain, though it is not perpetual. Upon its summit dwell the chief medicine men of KABBA REGA, a people of European complexion. They are a handsome race, and some of the women are singularly beautiful. Their hair is kinky, and inclined to brown in color. Their features are regular, and the lips are thin, but their noses, though well shaped, are certainly thick at the end. Many of their descendants are scattered through Unyoro, Ankori, and Ruanda, and the royal family of the latter country are distinguished, according to report, by their pale complexions. The Queen of the Sosna Islands, in the Victoria Nyanza, is said to be descended from this tribe. Little or nothing is known of the origin of this singular people, but there is a tradition to the effect that the first King of Unyoro gave them the land around the base of Gambaragara Mountain, where through many vicissitudes they have continued to reside for centuries. On the approach of an invading host they retreat to the summit of the mountain, where the intense cold protects them from their most determined enemies. Two years ago King MTESA dispatched his Prime Minister with about 100,000 men to Gambaragara and Usongoro, but although the "great general" of Uganda occupied the slopes of the mountain, and really ascended a long distance in pursuit of his prey, he was finally compelled by the inclemency of the climate to descend without having captured more than a few black slaves, the pale-faced tribe having retreated to their impregnable fortress at the summit.

The mountain itself appears to be an extinct volcano, for on the summit there is a clear crystal lake about 500 yards in length, from the centre of which a column-like rock rises to a great height. A rim of stone like a wall surrounds the summit, within which are several villages, where the principal medicine man and his people reside. STANLEY tells us: "Two men of this tribe, who might be taken at first glance for Greeks in white shirts, accompanied SEKAJUGU, a sub-chief under SAMBOOZI, and our expedition, to Lake Albert and back to Uganda; but they were extremely uncommunicative, and nothing of the history of their nation could I obtain from them. Their diet consists of milk and bananas, and they were the only men of rank in the entire force under SAMBOOZI who possessed more than two milch cows to supply them with milk while on the march. SEKAJUGU, to whom they were friendly, and under whom they had enrolled themselves, states that they rebelled against KABBA REGA, and to avoid his vengeance sought refuge with himself."

STANLEY'S march through Unyoro was not marked by any special adventures. His force,